ROYAL
GIRLS

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QUEEN MARGUÉRITE. *Front.*

ROYAL GIRLS

AND ROYAL COURTS

BY

MRS M E W SHERWOOD

Author of
A Transplanted Rose
Amenities of Social Life
and others

WITH TWELVE PORTRAITS

BOSTON
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ROYAL GIRLS AND ROYAL COURTS.

I.

AT THE ITALIAN COURT.

EDWARD EVERETT, who commanded so much respect in England, not only for his great learning and talents, but for the elegance of his manners, was once asked by an American, how he had so mastered the detail of European etiquette. His answer was a significant one :

"I have never considered any subject which other people respect as unworthy of intense observation. I pride myself on the manner even in which I tie up a brown paper parcel. I study the etiquette of every country."

Our republicanism will become more genuine

when it realizes that a proper attention to etiquette is at once elegant, simple, proper, and dignified, and that it should extend over our country from the extremest limits of civilization to the great cities and the little villages. It need not be observance of old world ceremonials, although we should learn enough of them not to offend if we visit a monarch on his own ground; but it should be that becoming courtesy, which will at home and abroad ornament and improve a society which has already so much to commend it and which may have the most splendid future.

The best American girl is interested everywhere in the best way of doing everything. A girl with self-respect is always willing to learn. The truly well-bred girls of America, with charming manners expressive of a good heart, a careful education, and a proper desire to please — and their name is legion — should not be injured even in that large general classification "American" by the bad-manners of a few; yet they have to suffer for the ill-bred. American girls have no excuse for not being the best-bred girls in the world, for

they are remarkably clever. We must permit ourselves the national vanity of claiming that the native purity, quick intelligence, apprehension of the necessities of a new position, and in some instances the *intuitions of elegance*, are, in our young countrywomen, quite miraculous, as contrasted with the slower mind of the German, for instance.

The wife of an American Minister at Berlin had occasion to notice this difference. "A young German countess," said she, "will arrive at Berlin from her secluded chateau, and she will be introduced at court, with all the honors. She will be awkward, embarrassed, *gauche*, for the whole winter. A young American girl will be introduced, fresh from some Western city, or some New England town, and she will be at her ease and mistress of etiquette in a month. She will charm everybody by her wit, her lively repartee, and her cleverness."

How fortunate would be the reputation of young American girls abroad were this opinion universal. No "Daisy Miller" need then have been written. But unluckily there is a reverse to the medal.

Most American ministers have a private entry in their journals which would read differently. Perhaps a sketch of something which occurred several years ago at Rome, will harm nobody.

"What do you mean by the words 'loud' and 'bouncing' as applied to a young girl?" asked a Roman Princess, of an American, of whom she was learning English. "I met some rather pretty American girls yesterday, and they *did* seem vivacious, but another American lady said to me, 'Oh! we do not consider those of *good style;* those girls are too 'loud and bouncing,' now what did she mean?"

It was a difficult question for the teacher to answer. When she learned who the "rather pretty young Americans" were, she knew they were blessed with good looks, handsome fortune, intelligence, and a great appetite, for sight-seeing. They went about with their Murray and Baedeker, and Hare's *Walks in Rome* tucked under their arms from morning until night. They would go to the Coliseum, and recite Manfred by the hour, they could play on the banjo, and sing negro melo-

dies, they were in the habit of writing notes to gentlemen, and asking them to call for them to walk or drive, to go to Trascati, or Tivoli. They would walk alone in the streets of Rome, and afterwards complain that the Italian gentlemen would whisper compliments in their ears. They talked and laughed aloud at the opera while the tenor was singing his best *morceau*, to the intense indignation of the music-loving Italians. They laughed too much and did a thousand things which brought them into disagreeable conspicuousness. And one of them was destined never to improve, for she had no power of assimilating what might be taught her, even by that bitter teacher Experience.

So the American lady could only answer, "Fortunately, Madame la Princesse, you have no equivalent in your language for the terms, 'loud' and 'bouncing,' but if you observe these girls in society, I fear you will grow to understand what the words mean with people of more quiet style."

Of these three girls, whom we shall call the Misses Stuart, we may assume that they represented three well-known types of the American

girl in Europe. Semiramide, the eldest, delighted in the reputation of being "loud and bouncing," for in the somewhat gossiping society of Rome, this anecdote soon crept around to the three sisters.

The second sister, Clementine, felt pained at the reproof conveyed, and was angry at the averted looks, and would have been glad to assume a more popular manner. She had too much egotism to believe herself in the wrong. She had no idea wherein they offended. If she ever acquires manners they will be but a veneering.

The third sister, Euphrosyne, was of finer mould. She felt that they were wrong, vulgar, and underbred. She determined to observe wherein their manners differed from the refined people about her. Her type is, unfortunately, the least common one. Semiramide did not object to be stared at, did not care for criticism, considered her manners as one form of independence, had a native vulgarity within her. Clementine was a chameleon and took her color from her elder sister; less forcible and less pronounced, she had a clearer eye to the *advantages* of good manners,

and so might improve. Euphrosyne, alone, had a chance at that

repose
Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere.

Of course they desired, of all things, to be presented at Court, to see that gentle and lovely Queen whose manners and breeding command the admiration of Europe, the woman whom all nations call *simpatica*. It is to be worth while, after we have seen what happened to our three sisters, to follow up the early education of Marguerite of Savoy to learn how she has attained not only culture of the highest, but manners of the sweetest; not only the reading of a scholar, but the grace of an unspoiled beauty; to learn how she has earned as she has the admiration of the world.

It was the elder sister who applied for the right of presentation. This she did in a most aggressive manner. She wrote to the American Minister:

My Dear Sir:

I and my sisters desire to be presented to the Queen at the next drawing-room. We do not ask this as a *favor*, we *demand it as a right*. Our Hotel is the *Russie*, where we

should be pleased to hear from you, and any attentions which you may show to us, as Americans, we should gladly receive. That is, I suppose, what an American minister is sent abroad for — to attend to his countrypeople (although to me it appears that they are generally enjoying themselves). My father is a great friend of the President and my uncle is a Senator. Yours respectfully,

SEMIRAMIDE STUART.

"*There!*" said she, when she had finished this letter, "I hope *that* will give him a hint to invite us to his next ball, and teach him his duty. If it does not, I'll report him at home as one who cultivates the Italian Princes and does not attend to his country people."

"Would it not be better to — to ask it as a favor?" said Clementine.

"No," said Semiramide, "I shall ask it as my right."

"They say," said Euphrosyne, the third sister, "they say we should leave cards on his wife, and suggest that we should like to be presented if his list is not full.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Semira-

mide. "I am a *girl of spirit*, and if he does not behave politely to us, I will write a letter to the newspapers. And I can get presented, anyway, through Madame Figliocarno; she has promised me."

Unfortunately, there is many a Madame Figliocarno, in Europe — impecunious, well-born, unscrupulous women, who have through some mysterious network the entrance to courts — and who for a few dinners, drives, and possibly other favors, will advance an underbred visitor to the object she may desire.

Mr. Comet, the American Minister, had had already one hundred and two applications to present people to the Queen, for the first drawing-room, and he had only one dozen "*permessos*" — how to fit one hundred and two into twelve was beyond his arithmetic; and he wrote this fact apologetically to "Miss S. Stuart." She indignantly wrote an account of his bad conduct to the *Indiana Free Thinker*, and, telling her woes to Madame Figliocarno, she and her sisters soon received a note marked "*Casa di S. M. la Regina*,"

informing them that they would be received "*al circolo di corté ché avra luogo a sera del* 31 *Gennaio, con te alleore* 9 1-2 *La Dama d'onore, Marchesa di Villamarina, Abito Scollato;*" in other words, the lady of honor informs these young aspirants that they will be received at the Quirinal at the court circle (or the drawing-room), at half-past nine, on the evening of the thirty-first of January, and that they must wear low-necked dress.

The thoughts of Semiramide on receiving this "*permesso*" were of the most triumphant description. She dressed her extremely handsome person with great care, and expected to strike the Queen favorably. She was indignant at being told that she must take her card with her to show to the Chamberlain, Prince Vicovara Cenci; so it was given to Euphrosyne, who did not disdain the task.

The three sisters, on a certain Saturday evening, found themselves in a brilliantly illuminated court-yard, with a broad door opening on a splendid staircase which was ornamented with statues, and covered with a scarlet carpet. The innumerable servants in scarlet, looked like a procession

KING HUMBERT.

of cardinal flowers. They ascended about sixty steps, when they reached the grand Hall of the Quirinal palace, at the door of which stood the Prince Vicovara, in a blue coat and brass buttons, with orders in his button-hole, and with a paper covered with signatures in his hand. He looked not unadmiringly on the three tall distingué young Americans, whose rich red cheeks, flashing eyes, fair white necks, and abundant hair betrayed their nationality — "the handsomest women in the world," he thinks. "Your names, please?" he asked.

Semiramide's voice made him start as she said "We are presented by Madame Figliocarno."

Euphrosyne stepped forward and gave him their names, and their card of invitation. He bowed low (he is a very handsome Italian cavalier) and motioning them into the grand reception-room, he presented them to the Queen's favorite lady, and dear friend, the Marchesa di Villamarina.

The Marchesa received them kindly, almost cordially, and asked them to go to the end of the room and stand with their compatriots.

"I would rather stand right here; I detest Americans," said Semiramide, in a decided voice.

The Marchesa gave a little start, looked at her long and searchingly, a look which even penetrated the armor of invincible self-conceit. As Clementina and Euphrosyne had by this time, covered with shame and confusion, gone half across the room, and the Marchesa had turned to speak to other guests, Semiramide moved on, somewhat sulkily, after her sisters.

The great room of the Quirinal, where presentations take place, is hung with priceless tapestries, pictures and mirrors framed in gold, the carpet is of scarlet velvet, and the furniture covered with pale blue brocade. The three young sisters had enough to look at, before a slight stir at the door, and the rising of certain ladies (Americans, by the way) told them that the Queen had entered. A short figure, exquisitely graceful, a profusion of beautiful hair, a smile at once amiable and distinguished, a deprecatory motion of the head, as if Marguérite of Savoy would get rid of her greatness if she could — as all rise and curtesy — that was

all. The Marchesa di Villamarina names each lady to her — "The Princesses Vicovara Cenci and Brancaccio." The Queen says something appropriate and graceful to each one, and addresses each person in her own language, as they stand still while she walks on. When Her Majesty reached our group of sisters, Euphrosyne happened to come first, and to her she greetingly said, "Do you like dancing? I am sure you do! you look very young! Do you like music? Yes? You are taking lessons in Rome? I know so good a teacher!" — to all of which Euphrosyne replied gracefully and well. Queen Marguérite had a pleasant speech for every one in the room, her voice was low and sweet, her manner most flattering. As she reached the elder sister it so happened that Semiramide, who had some "smart" things to say, received less of her conversation than the others, a fact which she complained of in an audible voice, as the Queen had advanced to the other side of the room. The Marchesa di Villamarina gave a look back, which again acted like a charm, and fortunately silenced her.

This presentation was followed by an invitation

to the Court Ball on the following Tuesday. The girls had been told to leave cards on the Marchesa di Villamarina at the Quirinal, and had in due time received their three grand cards of invitation. Madame Figliocarno called for them at half-past nine, precisely, and was vehement in praise of their dresses, for it must be admitted that our young Americans, generally, dress in very good taste.

A court ball is by far the finest spectacle which is presented to the visitor in Rome. It is in a magnificent ball room — the throne room — a large well-proportioned apartment, with a raised gallery for musicians at one end.

Two chairs surmounted with crowns stand on an elevated dais, over which hangs a magnificent canopy, embroidered with the royal arms of Savoy, and the monogram of the King and Queen.

And now to understand what followed the reader is requested to mark carefully this arrangement of the royal party: At the right of the Queen's chair extend sofas, which are to be filled by the Ambassadrices behind her, seats for her ladies-of-honor, members of the Royal family, and

for one privileged order, that of the Annunziata, was held by Monsieur Minghetti, who becomes by this order the "Cousin of the King." Thus Madame Minghetti has a place next to the Queen. On the left of the Queen sit the ladies of the court.

As our party entered, a gentleman covered with orders advanced and escorted Madame Figliocarno to one of the many seat in front of the throne, her three young ladies following her. As they sat gazing at the scene, she explained the situation to them, and congratulated them on having come early because they could thus see the court arrive. At about eleven o'clock the band of musicians struck up the Royal March, a door opened at one side, two Generals in full uniform entered, the Gentlemen of the household, and — then, the King and Queen. All rose, and made a deep obeisance. It was a splendid picture. The diamonds of the Roman Princesses, the finest in the world, flashed and danced in the light. Every one remained standing while the Queen, leaning on the King's arm, made five curtesies; first to the ladies of the diplomatic circle, secondly to the ambassadors,

another to the ladies of the court, and finally to the vast concourse of guests before her, and behind our ladies, who were seated on red sofas, to a crowd of officers in uniform, the Deputies and so on.

Semiramide was dazzled and pleased. She loved splendor, and her feet danced, as she sat looking when the Queen graciously signified to Count Gianotti, the Master of Ceremonies, that she would dance. A Court quadrille was soon formed, the Queen dancing with the German Ambassador as highest in rank; the Marchesa di Villamarina following, then the ministers and ambassadors dancing with the court ladies — the King never dances. Behind Semiramide stood a young Irish officer, whom she had met in Rome. "Come let us go and dance!" said she — to him.

The horror of Madame Figliocarno can better be imagined than described. She pulled the too ambitious Semiramide into her seat, and said:

"*My dear!* It is not etiquette for you to dance yet. Wait until the royal quadrille is at an end, and *then* you will see the Count Gianotti signal for you and others, that you *may* dance."

"I *may* dance! I like that!" said Miss Stuart. "In America I generally dance when I please."

"But you must not come to a Court Ball unless you are willing to observe the etiquette," said Madame Figliocarno.

Clementina and Euphrosyne had been silent, and not unobservant spectators of all this scene, and they particularly admired the manner of the Marchesa di Villamarina, who was so gentle, so amiable, so unobtrusive, yet so careful of everyone's comfort.

She came and spoke to them twice while Semiramide was dancing with her young Irish officer, and finally they found partners and began to dance themselves, and then walked out to see the grand old hall of the Quirinal illuminated by the electric light, the household troops, gigantic men in brass cuirass and helmet, making the scene glitter — a vast and splendid hall frescoed by immortal hands, now thrown open as a cloak-room.

The official who had relieved them of their cards of invitation had given them a pretty sou-

venir of the occasion, an "order of the dance," in scarlet, gold and pearl, in shape of a royal crown, which the girls prized. Euphrosyne had lost hers, and her partner, an Italian gentleman, stopped to get her another one.

As she lingered a moment near the door of the ball-room, she saw the Marchesa come out hastily with the Prince Vicovara. They were speaking hurriedly in Italian.

"But what shall we do! She has taken Madame Minghetti's seat—next the Queen! We must remove her before the Queen returns from the blue salon!" said the Marchesa.

The Prince smiled. "She is the American whom they call 'loud and bouncing,' is she not?" he asked.

Euphrosyne's heart sank within her. She stepped into the throne room. There sat Semiramide in the sacred chair of the Order of the Annunziata, and her Irish officer, aiding and abetting her, stood leaning over her chair, and laughing!

He had told her that would be the most decidedly

"independent" thing she could do — to intrude in that innermost circle, and to take that chair.

"*Then I'll do it!*" said she. "I would like to show them that I am as good as any Queen!"

All this was of course unknown to Euphrosyne, but the kind-hearted Marchesa saw the look on her fair face as she gazed at her sister, and knew that she had overheard her remark; so she did the prettiest and most graceful thing possible.

"You will go in to supper, will you not?" she asked, "and I will go and fetch your sister to you." So this gracious lady, the most perfectly well-bred woman possible, under the guise of hospitality, got Semiramide out of the "chair of the Annunziata" without making a scene.

But when later, some well-bred English girls were asked to come to the Queen, to play on the banjo, and sing their negro melodies, which accomplishment is just now in high request at the Italian Court, as being "full of local color," "a very American thing, indeed," the Misses Stuart were not asked, which surprised Semiramide, for, as she said, "We could have shown them the real things.

I guess we know real plantation nigger songs better than any English!" Perhaps Count Gianotti, the Marchesa di Villamarina, and the American Minister *did* know why the "loud" and "bouncing" girls were not asked again to the Quirinal.

However they knew nothing of the impression they were making. They found the supper superbly lavish, and very good, for the housekeeping of the Quirinal is excellent. The Queen has an American taste for warm rooms and cool drinks, so the girls got what they did not often find in Europe — plenty of iced water and iced lemonade, and the *distingué* Marchesa di Villamarina, with her throat all covered with diamonds, stood near them, and saw them served with everything.

"I wish I had her manners," whispered Clementina.

"I wish I had her kind heart," said Euphrosyne, who had heard and seen more than her sister.

"She works hard!" said the young Irish officer. "I suppose the Villamarina writes notes all day long."

"And very careful, and very neat notes they are," said Madame Figliocarno.

Then the girls returned to the ball-room where they had a good look at the King, who is a small dark man, with prematurely gray hair, with a fine kingly bearing, and the splendid black flashing eyes of his race. He does not like society or amusements. He stands aside and lets his all-accomplished Queen do the work. He talks a little to a gentleman of the court or perhaps speaks to a lady of high rank, or an ambassadress. Etiquette forbids any one speaking to him, and as he has no great talent for making small talk, he generally stands silent and looks very much bored. The gentlemen of his household complain a little of their desire to go to the theatre or opera, but he will not go, keeping them at home to talk politics, or hunting, or of horses, of which he is fond. He has the courage of his race, is adored by his people, and looks every inch a King.

"I did not see him in the supper-room," observed Semiramide to her Irish officer.

"Royalty never sups in public," said he. "I

think they are served in their own apartments." When they returned to the dancing, the Queen seemed to have melted away, and Semiramide regretted that she had not said good-night to the King, as she had boasted that she would, "just for fun."

II.

THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

AFTER this presentation at Court, Euphrosyne was very anxious to know how the Queen, who is still a young woman, only thirty-eight (and she looks ten years younger), could have learned so much; and how it happened that she was not spoiled, first by her beauty, and secondly by the homage and the flattery which follow a woman once justly called the most beautiful Princess in the world, and who is now the most admired Queen.

Marguérite of Savoy was the daughter of Victor Emmanuel's brother, the Duke of Genoa, who fell at the battle of Custozza. His two children, a girl and a boy, became the wards of their noble uncle, Victor Emmanuel, who determined to marry the pretty Marguérite to his own son Humbert. The son has become Duke of Genoa.

Perhaps there had been a promise or intention of this kind beforehand. At any rate, the young Princess had been most carefully educated, and showed always a remarkable love of learning. Going once to the old city of Padua with her governess, Miss Arbessor, a learned Austrian lady, she visited the Paduan University known to all of us as the famous place where Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" graduated. Here, at the top of the staircase, the bright little girl saw the statue of the famous Helene Lucretia Piscopia, and was told that she spoke Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French with fluency; was beside a poetess, a musician, a writer of mathematical and astronomical dissertations; was laureated with a Doctor's degree of the University, which she richly deserved.

Miss Arbessor noticed that her little charge looked very thoughtful as she wandered about the great halls. "Why are you so melancholy, my Princess?" she asked.

"Because, Rosa, I fear I shall never be as learned as she was."

"But you can try," said the governess.

And when they returned to the old Palace at Monza, where the Iron Crown of Lombardy is kept (Monza is a little village near Milan, but it has in it a curious old Palace, where the Queen comes now, for a part of every autumn, because it was there that much of her industrious girlhood was spent), inspired by the example of Helene Lucretia, she divided her day into six parts, and gave faithfully certain required hours to certain studies. When a girl of fifteen, she attracted the attention of learned men by the variety of her information. Amongst others who so noticed her was the learned Mr. Marsh, our American minister, who spoke of her, "as knowing a great deal for so young a girl;" and his own niece, Miss Crane, was often invited to spend four or five weeks with the Princess that she might speak English with her. She studied German, Spanish, French and Russian with native teachers, and music (which to-day is her chief enjoyment) under the best masters.

Meantime history, which is an important study for every one of us, engaged her deepest attention. She became profoundly learned in the history and

literature of her own magnificent Italy, which holds invaluable art-treasures in every little town. It is said that on her first visit to Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, she repeated the lines from Dante, in which the poet is made to give an account of himself. She was only twelve years of age then. She held the hand of her royal uncle, Victor Emmanuel, who said to her:

"My little maid, you shall one day be the Queen of United Italy."

She had a natural tendency toward order and system, great self-denial, and a wonderful love of books, but she had *not* a remarkable memory. This she resolved to cultivate, and used to rise an hour before the time specified, to study dates, verbs, and tables, in order to strengthen her mind in this respect. To this judicious habit she owes her present wonderful command over her memory — although even now she refers often to her friend, the Marchesa di Villamarina, for a name or a date — but never for a fact.

Of the Italian classics, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, she early became mistress, reading them

at night, for her pastime. Then she took up Shakespeare, a very hard poet for an Italian girl to master; but so fond of him has she become that statues of Juliet, of Beatrice, of Imogen and of Portia, ornament her private rooms.

Mathematics came very hard to this poetic and musical girl. She shed many tears over her multiplication table and her algebra; but she conquered both, and can count in eight languages. Let even a very good linguist try that, and he will see how difficult it is even to count fluently in two.

While all this hard elemental knowledge was being acquired, sometimes with headaches, often against her pleasure, she was being taught to ride, to drive, to dance, to fence, and to play the Italian instruments — the mandoline and guitar as well as the piano. She has lately added to her acquirements by taking lessons on the banjo.

Before her marriage, which took place when she was seventeen, she had written papers comparing the genius of Goethe with that of Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton, and a very clever paper on the "Ducal Courts of the Middle Ages." Truly a royal

girl! worthy to stand by the statue of Helene Lueretia Piscopia, in the University of Padua!

As the wife of Humbert, she ascended the throne of United Italy, January 9, 1878. She has one son, a fair-haired boy called the Prince of Naples. To his education she has given much personal attention, and with all his royal governors he still owes much to this cultivated mother.

The chief characteristics of her manners, Euphrosyne finally decided were gentleness and humility. As she drives through the enormous crowds of the Carnival, the rough and somewhat formidable-looking *popolo Romano*, every cap is lifted, every hand raised respectfully, every one bows and smiles as her scarlet liveries flash by, she smiles and bows; and it is a very pretty sight to see her stand in a window, on the last day of Carnival, throwing bonbons and flowers, accepting violets with a gracious bow, or in the evening when the light of candles comes on — the "*moccoletti*" — striving to blow out the nearest taper, or lighting her own, mingling in the fun and enjoying it.

Very tender and good is Marguérite of Savoy to

those who have served her. To Rosa Arbessor her Austrian governess, she gave her portrait set in diamonds, with an inscription describing her as her "best friend"; and when she married, she sent her her wedding dress, and has given her an income for life.

In speaking to an American lady, she described her own fondness for "reading American magazines." She finds "great freshness in their papers," she says. In her Court are many American ladies, of whom she is very fond. One of her ladies-in-waiting is the Princess Brancaccio, who was Miss Field; the other is the Princess Vicovara, who was Miss Spencer. Near to her is Madame Peruzzi, the daughter of our sculptor Story, of whose little daughter the Queen is godmother; she gave the name herself, "Margherita Umberta," the Italian names being capable of the masculine and feminine — Margherito-Umberto being a favorite name for boys. The wife of the King's friend and chamberlain, Count Gianotti (a very handsome Piedmontese), was a Miss Kinney of New York; and there are several other American ladies, mar-

ried to Italians, and the Queen is said to find them especially *simpatica*, and treats them with great kindness.

The King and Queen often drive out in the streets and the beautiful suburbs of Rome unattended, the Queen sitting up by the side of the King in a sort of T. cart, while he drives. They look very happy and contented with their lot.

But it has not always been a smiling, or an easy lot to these occupants of a throne. King Humbert fought by the side of his royal father at Palestro, when a mere boy; and doubtless he likes that life better than he does the life of a King. All the Princes of this house have shown great bravery; they are loyal too, and do what they ought to do. And the Princess was naturally full of life and frolic, liking of all things to ride on the bare back of a donkey, to the terror of her mamma, the stately Duchess of Genoa; but she was wholly amenable to discipline. "Remember," said Rosa Arbessor to her charge, "I wish you to be the Princess of Princesses." This gay love of fun is visible in the Queen when she goes to the theatre;

she sometimes laughs so gayly that she hides her face in her hands. How hard must it be both for King and Queen to pass much of their lives *posing* for the mere purposes of ceremony! How glad to get away to the hunt, is the King, from court ceremonials and royal etiquette. How glad the Queen to find herself at Turin, where is her favorite palace, or better still at Monza, where she can lead a domestic life, with her books and music, and with her boy by her side.

Charming are the birthday rejoicings for this young Prince, and for all the children of the Princes and nobles who come to the Palace, where the young heir to the throne gives each a present. And better still to the poor, for to them are sent whole handfuls of gold by the Queen, whose almoners are always seeking the deserving.

In observing these two Royalties, one sees what an effect careful training has had in fitting two rebellious natures loving freedom better than bonds to wear with grace, the yoke of a high position.

We see a prince, by nature a soldier and a hunter, shy and embarrassed in public, grave, con-

cise, anxious, yet learning all the *rôle* of a King, and bearing himself to admiration; we see a gay frolicsome girl, raised to so dangerous a height in the first bloom of her exquisite beauty, with a charm and a fascination about her whole personality which attracts old and young, gentle and simple, who yet throws a magic spell of happiness and pleasure over every one, who also by study and by constant effort learns her hard *rôle* of being Queen.

What tact has she not shown! how true her piety, so that the Pope in spite of political strife always allows her mass in her private chapel, and recognizes her goodness, although his predecessor excommunicated her father-in-law, and although he calls her husband an interloper at the Quirinal.

The King and Queen of Italy are the most republican of all the monarchs of Europe in their habits, and ways of life, and their Court is the simplest. They seem to desire to get rid of the stiffness and coldness of a Court, conversing freely with their own ladies and gentlemen, and with those whom they invite — and yet, certain laws of etiquette must be observed, and are observed.

On this point, independence of etiquette, Americans have a bad reputation. Not only have we had citizens who have behaved as Semiramide Stuart essayed to conduct herself, but, more unfortunately, we have suffered in the persons of our Ambassadors and our Ambassadrices in former times. Often the diplomatic dinner party teems with American stories. They still, in Naples, tell of a foreign Ambassador who used to go out and crow like a cock when the King passed, to show his independence.

But we can quote the names of Abbot Lawrence, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, John Jay, James Russell Lowell, John A. Dix, George P. Marsh, William Waldorf Astor, and many others, as men who were great *ornaments* to the American name, and yet who did not disdain to learn the etiquette and the manners of the country to which they were accredited. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Astor were distinguished linguists, and knew nearly as many languages as the Queen.

The King drives with his hat almost always in his hand, so frequent are his bows to his people.

Every one who salutes him, gets a bow in return. He is always uncovered, in the cold Roman winter. Now an elderly lady in Rome complained that the young Americans did not bow to her when they passed her on the stairs of the hotel. "Why do they not take a hint from the King?" she said.

The reason why the lady asked this question as to the impoliteness of young Americans, was this: There were many representatives of American schools in Rome at that time; young men who were travelling to add to their *repertoire* of learning and good manners. They were the only young men, this lady affirmed, "who did not take off their hats as they passed a lady on the staircase." Now the American young man can, if he wishes it, become the most perfect gentleman in the world, for he has an honest respect for women. *That* will teach him not to smoke in her presence without asking permission, he will pay all attention to elderly and infirm persons, he will lift his hat as a lady passes him. But he may not ignore the national points of etiquette of the countries he visits. For instance he should remember, in Italy, to call

the next day on every lady to whom he has been introduced the evening before at the dinner party or ball, and many other little things of this kind.

However, the Italian Princess who was learning English, told her teacher that she liked the manners of American young men better than she did the manners of American young girls! She thought them more respectful. She said that the young men were apt to be manly, simple and unaffected, that the air of equality and liberty was pleasing to her. She said that the American girls were beautiful, but not polite, that they did not return her bows which she made to them.

"But I suppose," said the teacher, "they had not been introduced."

"What difference does that make?" said the Italian Princess; "my bow to them was a sufficient introduction." And then she added, that they did not rise when she spoke to them, that they had not refined voices. "Why do they not study the English in that respect?" she asked. "Hear," said this music-loving foreigner, "what a fine, broad, open note an Englishwoman strikes when she be-

gins to talk! sweet, too! not discordant, or nasal, or poor! Then, also listen to our Queen! how cultivated her voice is — more so than most Italians."

"I see now that you begin to understand what our friend meant by '*loud*' and '*bouncing*.' You remember you asked me that long ago?"

"Perhaps," said the Italian.

"Yet an American girl," said her teacher, "has more reason for being elegant than another; she has to create her own precedent and public opinion. She has a patriotic reason."

A frequent and nearly always fatal mistake is, that an American girl accepts in place of the best acquaintances, second and third-rate people, who like our Madame Figliocarno, have not the best or freshest of social positions to give to those who accept her power of opening the first door.

Italian etiquette is very particular as to the necessity of chaperonage. No young girl ever walks the streets of Rome alone. Her mother or a friend accompanies her. On this point Italians are very unforgiving to ignorance. No lady should ask a gentleman to go, alone with her, to any gal-

lery or museum or church, unless she is of sufficient age to make it perfectly proper. No unmarried woman in Italy even if she be forty years of age, could take that position so innocently assumed here by young girls. It may therefore be easily understood why the Misses Stuart, who had no chaperon, were misunderstood in Italy, and why they found that their most innocent actions began to be misinterpreted, and why Madame Figliocarno's introduction did them no lasting good. They saw other countrywomen of their own retain the favor of the court, they saw the American ladies who seemed to them the petted favorites of the society which they aspired to enjoy, while they were after a time left out.

Poor Euphrosyne was never invited to the Quirinal again. She suffered as many an innocent person does, for the guilty. Her sister's manners had shut forever from her, from them all, that privilege, for if one of these chamberlains, or ladies of the Court, sees the least specimen of bad manners, it is all finished for those who exhibit the lack of good breeding.

"I declare, no one has been polite to me but the Queen," said Semiramide, as they left Rome, pouting over some ball cards which did not arrive.

She did not wish to learn. She was, as she called it, "too independent," to submit to the inevitable, to learn the etiquette of a foreign country. Even when a good American friend of hers told her that she should not receive the visits of an Italian count, who was handsome, gay, flattering, and apparently a gentleman, she rebelled excessively, and insisted upon taking the etiquette of America as her guide.

After making herself conspicuous, and losing her heart to his false black eyes, she learned to her disgust that he was only amusing himself at her expense, that she had become only the subject of another set of stories told at Ambassadorial dinners at the expense of American ladies.

III.

THE SPANISH COURT.

AN old writer, speaking of Royal Educations and the forming of a Court Lady says :

As to Court ladies their Manners, Words, Gestures, and Air, should be refined. . . . A certain feminine sweetness should so shine in all her carriage, that whether she walk, or stand, or speak, she may appear without any "Mixture of the Masculine." Doubtless, virtues of the mind are as necessary to the woman as to the man. To be free from affectation, easy and graceful in her actions, of good character, prudent and discreet, not proud or curious, not given to railing nor conceited, not contentious, or impertinent, knowing how to procure and maintain the favor not only of the lady whom she serves, but of all others. . . . She should have great Regard, not to give any occasion to be ill-spoken of, and so to carry herself as not only not to be spotted with any fault, but not so much as to be suspected. . . . I say 'tis very necessary for a Court Lady, above all things, to be affable, pleasant, and able to entertain all sorts of company,

upon agreeable and fitting Subjects. Her Temper must appear calm and modest, and her Inclinations virtuous. Besides which she must also be furnished with a quick and ready Wit, and show herself very remote from any Clannish Actions. Such Goodness ought to shine in her as may not less procure her an Esteem for being chaste, prudent, and humane, than for being pleasant, witty and discreet. On this account she is tyed up to a certain Medium, difficult in itself, and placed between two Extremes, which she may approach to but not go beyond.

This charming quotation is from a very rare old book, written in 1516, by the Comte Baldassar Castiglione, called *The Courtier*; a book much admired by all monarchs, particularly by that excellent man and conscientious father, Prince Albert. The translator says of it, "I need but mention it, as wrote by one that had lived in the Court of King Henry VII." He also goes on to say:

If for profitable Reading you can nowhere borrow a better System for living than from him. In fine, it is of such Worth and Excellence, that if a Person were furnished with no other Reading than this Book and had that well imprinted on his Mind he might pass not only for a man of Learning and Science, but by a first Observance of its Precepts might more-

over make himself distinguished for a person of Wisdom, Nobility of Birth, and fitness to keep company with the greatest Potentates whatsoever.

It is in this book, the familiar friend of the royal educators of Europe, that we learn how much thought is given to the duty which Princes owe to others; and there is one short quotation which is so pointed, that it is of value to the whole world:

But when a Prince lays aside the *appearance* of one, and puts himself on a level with his Inferiors (though perhaps so as not to be wholly unknown), in divesting himself of *one* Dignity — he assumes a greater — that of approving his Superiority over others, not in Power, but in Virtue, and makes it evident that his Authority is not his only Merit.

The capital letters are the author's.

It may seem to be a "*lucus a non lucendo*" to thus open a chapter on the Spanish Court, its formal etiquette, its duennas, its fans, and its not too reputable Queens, with this philosophy of the irreproachable Castiglione; but we shall avoid the history of Christina, and she who so unworthily bore the sainted name of Isabella — Isabel Segunda — to speak of a daughter of that dethroned and ex-

ed Queen, one of the loveliest of Spanish Princesses — the Infanta Doña Maria del Pilar, as proving its truth, and as an embodiment of Castiglione's ideal of what a Princess should be.

She was the third sister of the late King Alfonso. She died in Paris in 1879, at the age of seventeen. She was a lovely, tall, fair girl, with most winning manners. She had much influence over her royal brother, and her intercession was often used to secure pardons, or to obtain his royal bounty for afflicted families. During her short life, she did much good; and she was one of those "royal girls," who "in divesting herself of one dignity, assumed a greater." The quotation from *The Courtier* fitted her exactly.

She was, like her sisters, and unlike her mother, fond of the arts; and to perfect herself in drawing went to the studio of a distinguished artist in Paris. She was of course *incognito;* for Isabella of Spain, although dethroned, exiled and disgraced — having renounced her "divine right" — lives in Paris as a Royalty still, and her daughters, Eulalie, Paz and Pilar, had all the *entourage* of Princesses. The

ex-queen now, however, makes frequent returns, as a visitor to Spain, where she is very popular.

Of course this rank and state entailed upon Pilar the necessity of a duenna — indeed, a Spanish girl without one would be an impossibility, and, under the convenient guise of a Sister of Charity, a noble señora acted as her companion. A Spanish woman, and a very noble one at that, can always assume a religious dress, and most of them are members of some religious order. Pilar, as Mademoiselle de P —— thus attended, would go daily to the studio of a distinguished artist to study. All the daughters of this pleasure-loving, unscrupulous Isabella were studious and gifted. The eldest, the Infanta Isabella, is a remarkably well-read woman. Doña Paz is a poet of no mean order. All are kind and sympathetic women.

But we must allow one of her fellow students, a young American artist, to tell in her own picturesque way the story of this royal girl :

"Our studio presented many living studies in its faithful workers. We did not know each other's names. We were simply 'No. 1,' 'No. 2,' 'No. 3,'

and only our master knew us otherwise than as Miss So-and-So, or Mademoiselle, Signorita, or Signorina. I knew only that one of our group was a young Russian Baroness, because she played on the *balalaika*, or Russian lute, and wrote her name *Fedorovna*, on her canvas. Otherwise, all was mystery. I used to think that '*No.* 1' must be a *somebody* because the Sister of Charity watched her closely, and was very suspicious if the master attempted to induce her to sit as a model, which we all did occasionally.

"'No. 2' was a poor, pale, fainting creature, with an extraordinary talent. We did not approach her, any of us, in our efforts at reproducing the foreshortening, which our teacher demanded of us. What eyes she could draw! poor 'No. 2.' And the eyes which she liked to draw were those of 'No. 1'—beautiful Spanish eyes.

"One day 'No. 2' fell from her chair in a most terribly long dismal faint, and I was astonished to see every one retire, even the Sister of Charity, before 'No. 1,' who showed a zeal, a coolness, and talent in the art of resuscitation, worthy of a doctor.

MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

"When 'No. 2' recovered her senses, I observed a whispered consultation with the Sister, who putting her arm gently around the fainting girl drew her down stairs, and with the help of 'No. 1,' placed her in a beautiful carriage, which bore on its panels a royal crown. A few days after this, as I was driving in the Bois de Boulogne, I saw the exiled Queen Isabella, with her three daughters, Eulalie, Paz, and Pilar in a royal state carriage.

"'Look!' said my mother; 'see the rich Spanish beauty of these young girls.'

"I looked, and was rewarded by a most cordial bow. It was from the Princess Pilar.

"The prettiest of all three was 'No. 1,' my comrade of the drawing-class, who had been so kind.

"After that, through another channel, we became great friends, and I learned to respect and to love her. She was a rather sad, and serious girl; a shadow seemed hanging over her. But I cannot attempt to describe her stately politeness, her consideration for others, her manners! They were so beautiful! I learned that she was very much in love with Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, who

had asked her hand in marriage, but political considerations had prevented the match. Her heart broke early, and perhaps it was well, poor girl, that she died young. She had known but little of the sanctity of home, or of happiness — but she respected the happiness of others, she was good, and devout and pure and true. To the poor fainting girl, she became the kindest of friends, and delicately filled that slender purse, which enabled the young artist to seek rest and to improve her health.

"Then came the news of her early death — poor little delicate Pilar. She sickened and died. We crowned her vacant chair with flowers, and the artist put away her last canvas among his souvenirs.

"There came to me, and to her other friend, 'No. 2,' a mysterious pacquet. On opening it, we found each a ring, and within was engraved,

"'*Pilar.* May you be happy,' in her own stately Spanish tongue."

So vanished one of the jewels of the Spanish crown

Now for the Court, which she did not live to grace — Alfonso was fond of having his sisters with him in Spain. Now for Madrid, with its crowded streets, its splendid palaces, its gaudy processions of gay toreadors or bull-fighters, its gayly-dressed ladies bound for the Prado, its tinkling guitars, its beggars who dance and sing, its eternal street cries, its transparent dry air, its snowy mountains, its sun swept boulevards, its high wind, its Madrileña with her dreamy eyes and raven tresses, with her little black veil in place of the mantilla (which is out of date, and is only worn at mass, and at the *Corrida de toros*) — the Madrileña with a rose placed just above her left eye. Crowd, color and noise. We go by the Puerto del Sol, to the Hotel de la Paz — they are very fond of the word *Paz*, because they never have any peace — in Spain.

We have talked of etiquette before, but now we have got to the land where it grows. Every one is a miracle of "deportment," in Spain, from the beggar in his heavy cloak hued red, blue, and yellow, to the lazy Spanish driver, to the soldier fully armed, to the grand officer, up to the Minister of

State, through all its torrents of population, through its dense black crowds, up to the handsome little King, the brother of Pilar!

Perhaps that title has never been given to him before — but it should not have been one of his least claims to excellence.

The King used daily to drive in Madrid; then the priests with their shovel hats, the courtier, the senator, the Galicians with loads of wood, the red-bonneted Catalan, the matador, the beggar, the handsome Asturian nurse with the pretty Spanish baby in her arms — all made him a deep obeisance; and he raised his hat to them all. The dark-skinned Gitana made him a stately curtesy, which greeting he solemnly returned. What politeness, what grace, what a land of good manners! No wonder the King learned to bow with grace!

He was a handsome young man; this kind King of Spain; an admirer said of him: "He has black curling hair, fine dark eyes, a gracious smile and the sweetest manners in the world. He is barely twenty-seven, as brave as the Cid Campeador, and as polished as a knight-errant."

He was married twice; first to his cousin, Mercedes, a daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, to whose son, Pilar's sister, the Infanta Eulalie is said to be affianced. She died the year after her marriage. Poor little Mercedes! The Spanish people still are fond of telling of her wandering in the magnolia avenues with her boy-lover, Alfonso, dressed as an Andalusian, with fan and mantle. His second wife was Christina, an Austrian Princess, the cousin of the Emperor. She is tall and fair and grand, a pure and accomplished, but grave and reserved woman, whom the gay Spanish people have not loved hitherto.

She, in her turn, does not love her royal mother-in-law, nor the *Grand Maitresse* — the equivalent at the Spanish Court of the gentle Marchesa di Villamarina, the Italian Mistress of Ceremonies in Rome. This lady is the Duenna of Duennas. Etiquette is in the very turn of her eyelash. She knows all the seven thousand observances that make the Spanish Court the stateliest in the world. And Christina of Spain, unlike Marguérita of Italy, has no intimates among her court ladies. She was

a true and tender wife, she is devoted to her little daughter, the Princess Mercedes (the future Queen of Spain, perhaps), and superintends her education, her manners and her health constantly and judiciously; but she is serious and reserved, absorbed in music and study, and does not make friends.

Poor woman! now that she is a widow, her heart may be opened to her people; as for the Baby Queen, the little Infanta Mercedes, "she cannot understand the death of the father, whom she may probably succeed as sovereign. The child believes the King to be still staying at the Prado, and lately pulled a rose to pieces, put the leaves in an envellope, and gave them to King Alfonso's favorite valet, saying, 'Here, Prudencio, go to the Prado and give this to papa. Tell him to come soon, for it is so sad here — nobody does anything but cry.'"

How sad it all is, and the more that we know that this young King of Spain, Toledo, Arragon and Leon, Prince of the Asturias, Caliph of Grenada (it sounds like the Arabian Nights), Cordova and Seville, Jefe of Jaen and Malaga, *hated* eti-

quette. But he was its slave. This young monarch, enthusiastic at heart, full of hopes for Spain, lover of peace, lover of the people, going to sit like a brother by the bedsides of his cholera-stricken people as we all have read with a thrill, with his dreams of constitutional freedom, with his plans for wise reforms and national progress — this young man stood amid the Marshals of Spain amidst Senators and Deputies, amid a glittering cloud of Captains, Generals, Jefes, Alcaldes, and Prefects, hedged about by the Syndic of Madrid — the Governor and staff, and officers and ministers of state — looking awfully bored, doubtless wishing he were driving his young wife in a tall phaeton! But bareheaded, patient, he assisted at the grandest and most tedious of all military functions, a military mass, or at the scarcely less melancholy presentations at Court, with the same serenity and attention to duty. He owed much perhaps to his youthful training. He received the finishing touches of his education at Sandhurst, a military college in England, where he distinguished himself by his obedience, his soldierly devotion to duty. These simple manly traits

characterized him always, although the whole of Spain was

"*A la disposiçion de Suo Majestad.*"

He had always the true heart of his sister Pilar beating sympathetically for all humanity, in his breast, and he was a good King. He felt for his people, like a father, like a brother. Perhaps it will be agreed that he was the best man who has ever ruled Spain.

The royal receptions in Madrid are like those of all Royalties. Strangers must approach through their ministers. The Queen walks around with the *Grande Maitresse*, speaking to each lady. It is not etiquette to kiss her hand. A Queen of Spain must not be touched. Though there is supreme good breeding everywhere, a galaxy of bewitching faces, there is an etiquette which must be seen to be appreciated.

The young King and Queen however were wont to yield to pleasanter circumstances when they went to Seville. There they invited ladies to come to them in walking dress, informally; and some came in bonnets, some in veils, some quite in grand

toilette — some in "rags, and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns." The *Grande Maitresse* was to be pitied in Seville, having before her the almost unpronounceable names of the Seville Aristocracy and Democracy — from the "Aunt of the Archbishop" to the "Niece of the Baker." And one woman once brought her — *baby*. At this the Queen and the Grande Maitresse *frowned*. However, the cold Christina always made in Spanish a pretty speech to them all. These informal receptions, in the gallery of "Maria del Padilla" with its open work walls of sculptured stone, used to make a picture worthy of Valasquez.

Sometimes their Majesties attended dinners and tertulias and fêtes at the houses of the great people, where they danced "high disposedly;" and gossips have whispered that both King and Queen have been known to be at masked balls! and that the King used to dance "sequidillas and fandangoes."

A ball in Madrid is a very much less expensive affair than one in Paris or Rome or London even if Royalty be present. It is given perhaps in a palace very old and very splendid, but there is very little

light, very few candles, and almost nothing to eat — glasses of sugared water, dry cakes and biscuits, perhaps a few dried figs and plums, but not many — but supreme good breeding everywhere and a great temptation to enjoy one's self. It is really gay. The Spanish women talk a great deal; they have a grace and *naïveté*, and a natural mirthfulness impossible to resist. At the tertulia or soirée dansante, they actually forget to dance, they like so much to talk. They look exceedingly high-born and high-bred, but they scamper and chat like gypsies. At home they string beads, and make pretty toilettes, and play cards, and handle a fan — they do not read books or make themselves *blue*. They are too gay for that!

No invitations are given out after our fashion. A noble lady only announces her day, be it for a ball or a fancy party. At first the company sit around the room on stiff benches, all in a row and drink water mildly, handed to them by the most stately cabelleros. Then they talk and laugh and twitter. Then some one plays a guitar, and sings; then many guitars sound, and castanets; then they

begin to dance; such fairy feet, and such a way of using them!

It is well to know your Spaniard. "Caress his foibles and you will find him charitable, and charming; he is willing to applaud, as he would himself be praised. He thinks Spain the country of heroes, the glory of centuries, past, present, and to come!" He wraps himself in his cloak, and ignores his poverty. He is the last to learn, the first to forget. He is brave, indolent, frugal, honorable. Every Spaniard is a gentleman; his wife is a chatterbox, she is pretty, and polite, yet both will puff their cigarettes in one's face!

But beware of offending these proud, grave, ceremonious Spanish men, or these laughing, gay, chatty handsome talking women! They know how to flirt a fan, to fold a cloak, to be graceful, charming and agreeable — but not how to forgive.

IV.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

THERE was a Prince once, who married a Royal Girl — it is a fairy story almost, quite a Cinderella tale, and as it "ended well," as we used to say, and as it also illustrates the value of politeness, we may as well tell it here.

This young Prince, clad in hunting costume, was traveling in Bavaria. He was going (rather unwillingly, as it afterwards turned out), not only to try his luck with his gun, but also to seek out a bride who had been chosen for him by his father; in short, he was on his way to the retired chateau of the Duke Maximilian Joseph, the cousin of the King of Bavaria, who had four handsome daughters, the eldest of whom had been selected to be the bride of our young huntsman.

He had reached the borders of the romantic Lake

Traun, in the beautiful Bavarian Tyrol. It was a scene of enchantment. The high and bold mountains raised their lofty crests almost angrily as if to guard the royal forest fairies from this invader. It was as if the old story of Acteon was to be re-enacted; for there, on the bosom of the romantic lake he saw a little boat, and in it— Diana herself!

"Ah ha! a beautiful young peasant girl to row me across the lake!" said he to himself; "but I suppose she will be as rude as these mountaineers generally are. I must propitiate her with a silver groschen."

The girl sat quietly in her boat, looking in the water. As she heard his quick agile steps down the mountain, she raised her head, gave him a steady, searching gaze.

"Hullo, my good girl!" shouted the hunter. "Will you row me across the lake? I am come to see the Duke — do you know where he lives? — for I do not. Are you strong enough to pull? If not, give me the oars and you shall steer."

The young peasant rose, carefully stepped ashore,

drew the boat to a convenient landing. She was tall, lithe, delicate, but strong, with the most beautiful little round waist he had ever seen, and with two well-developed arms.

"I can row you across, sir. I know well where the Duke lives. Give me your gun — I will lay it on my cloak, so that it shall not get wet. Shall I assist you into the boat? Be careful — the step is a long one." And she reached out a brown, well-shaped, beautiful little hand, which even then, the Prince observed, was exceedingly well-kept, for a peasant.

"Thanks, my dear!" said the Prince. "You have exceedingly good manners. So you can pull me across? I am very pleased, for I am weary with my long walk. Wake me up when we reach the opposite shore — and take care of the gun — will you?"

But although the Prince tried to take forty winks, as he was being rowed across, his eyes would not shut; they looked on that beautiful face, and on the long golden braids which fell from the peasant cap. He noticed how grandly this best of all the

physical exercises for girls had developed the chest, rounded the arms, invigorated the blood of this young creature who, doubtless, made her living on the lake. Her coarse common petticoat, the stout shoes, the white chemisette, the blue jacket, were the ordinary peasant dress of the country; but they could not hide the fine proportions and lithe movement, as with even strokes and a thorough use of the muscles of the back, she pulled the oars and made her boat shoot through the water. Her composed face and her preoccupied modest air checked the compliments which rose to his lips, and he admired her in silence.

It was a long row, and perhaps he did at last go off into a delightful dream! At any rate he reached the opposite shore, the girl drew in the boat, fastened it to an iron staple, shouldered the gun, and, with a smile and bow, motioned him to follow her.

In Europe peasant girls so often render this sort of service to travellers, that he did not offer to relieve her. He walked behind her, as with the free graceful step of the peasant of these mountains,

she preceded him. Presently, two or three splendid hounds came down the path, barking at the stranger.

"They are not dangerous, sir!" said she, as she noticed that he was clearing the path with his alpenstock; and at her voice they all ceased barking, and put their fine heads into his caressing hand.

When they reached the modest mountain châlet of the Duke, she rang a great bell, put down the gun, dropped a little curtesy, and had run down the hill before the Prince had had time to put the coin in her hand.

But a very grand *Heiduc* in full Hungarian dress was answering the bell, and soon a crowd of lackeys were leading the Prince to the presence of his host who was expecting him.

In the ceremonies which followed, in the presentation to three noble and lofty young ladies, the future Emperor of Austria forgot the handsome peasant with the polite manner who had rowed him across the lake. But just as the dessert was placed on the dinner table, a door opened quietly, an elderly lady entered, and with her a young girl

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY.

whose magnificent hair fell to her knees over her simple white evening dress.

"My youngest daughter," said the Duke — introducing the forest fairy — the young peasant boatwoman! — to the Prince.

There was a smile, a bow, a look of recognition, and then the Prince, with many a blush of awkward recollection, told the story of his mistake. How could he have done better? The Duke, a careless fond father, laughed at the escapade and told Madame Molintz to take better care of her charge hereafter.

"I cannot keep her out of the open air!" sighed the governess.

Those were romantic days which followed. The imagination of the young Prince was kindled. The brilliant wit, the natural intelligence, the exquisite simplicity added to the beauty, the thorough-bred politeness and grace of this Royal Girl won the royal lover. He chose the youngest rather than the eldest sister.

It is said that at first the forest fairy hated the stiff and formal etiquette of the Austrian Court.

There, "no person is eligible to a presentation at court who has not sixteen quarterings." Imagine what a bore to a girl who loved dogs and boats, who knew all the trees and birds of the forest, who above all things was "crazy about a horse," who was the bravest, most fearless of horsewomen — how could *she* learn the dull business of knowing all the titles of some old lady-in-waiting? Yet she has done it. She has a royal politeness. She tries to never offend these old ladies, or these stiff Austrian nobles. She has assiduously cultivated a royal memory in order that she may never forget a face or a title.

Now the Empress of Austria *does* have to work — but she also dearly loves to play; and to ride on horseback, *is her play*.

To her intense devotion for out-of-door exercise does she owe the beauty which with the same small round waist of a girl of sixteen, with her splendid hair in three braids around her head, is so remarkable in this mature woman that she is the pride of the stiffest and most ceremonious court of Europe. So determined is she to pur-

sue even her pleasure correctly and well, that she has taken lessons of Mrs. Duckworth the "Queen of Circus Riders," in the art of horsemanship. She can put her hand on the pommel and vault into her saddle. She can ride a barebacked horse with safety. She goes to Ireland every autumn for the hunting, and leaps a five-barred gate and a ditch with the boldest rider to hounds. But, as I said, order, system, thought, goes into her indulgence in this favorite pleasure. She is very careful not to ride too far, nor to fatigue herself. After her ride she is extremely careful not to take cold. She is carefully rubbed, bathed and wrapped in flannel. No detail is beneath her royal attention. She has even invented a guantlet glove, known as the "Empress of Austria riding glove."

Such a woman would not be inattentive to the education of her children. The Prince Imperial, Rudolph, is a well-educated studious gentleman who would make his mark in his generation even apart from his inherited glories. He has married the daughter of the King of Belgium, a quiet and unambitious Princess who is also distinguished for

her learning and her interest in men and women of letters.

The Empress has but two daughters. The Princesses Ottilie and Valerie were very carefully trained under an English governess, who says that her younger pupil, Valerie, "is the most superbly educated woman in Europe, that she is industrious and *earnest*, with a not over-brilliant mind." It is the "not over-brilliant" minds which are the minds to accumulate knowledge.

It is said to be a great disappointment to the Emperor that none of his children are handsome. None of them look like the forest fairy who rowed him across the lake. They have the heavy thick lips of the House of Hapsburg. There is only one Venus in the kindred Hohenzollern blood, and that is the Princess of Meiningen; to her Nature has been as prodigal of the gifts of beauty as to the Empress, but alas! not to Ottilie and Valerie. The present Queen of Spain, Christina, is a niece of the Emperor of Austria. She is not beautiful, but has a sort of gypsy-like charm. It is said that her royal uncle is very fond of her.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

In the dominions of the Amazon Empress the Princess Metternich who is an Austrian, finds herself very much at home (more so than in Paris), petting the hounds. She and the Empress go a-hunting in Bohemia where their skill in handling a gun is much admired. Unlike the majority of modern Amazons they are very regardless of their appearance on these expeditions. A short gray skirt, a darker jacket, a straw hat and a pair of boots is their hunting outfit, in which costume the Empress looks like an angel in disguise, but the Princess Metternich, who describes herself as "*singe à la mode* (a fashionable monkey)" as she is indeed very ugly, really looks dangerously so now; the two ladies of such exalted rank have but one ambition — to show "a good bag of game" at the end of the day.

A Viennese gentleman gives an amusing account of the visit of the Czarina of Russia, Dagmar, to the Empress, Elizabeth of Austria. The Czarina is passionately fond of dancing. She can tire out several partners when she gives balls at Gatchina, or St. Petersburg. The Empress of Austria hates

balls and dancing, and sighs for her Mrs. Duckworth, her horses, and her hunting, and the life at Kremsier, her home in the mountains. So while attending to the Czarina, and trying to satisfy the stiff Austrian ladies who were in attendance she still yawned behind her fan!

But the two Royalties finally hit on a topic of mutual interest. They got talking of their girlhood, when they both led a country life, very cramped as to money. The Empress declared that she was obliged to take her turn at the dairy work with her sisters, and that she learned to groom a horse and to superintend the stables. The Czarina boasted of her skill as a pastry cook, and her success in pickling and preserving. The small country-house in Schleswig, which was the home of the Princess of Wales and the Empress of all the Russias, was described gayly, with its small economies. She told a good story of how the whole tribe of the Landgravine Hesses came to dinner, and that she, Dagmar, made all the *entrees*. The Empress of Austria responded with like anecdotes of the retired chateau, of her father, the

Duke Maximilian Joseph. Finally both ladies got into a gale of laughter, which alarmed the stiff guardians of public etiquette, the Viennese ladies of sixteen quarterings — who think that an Empress is a being of superior blood, above mirth and tears, and who associate a regal condition only with a stately step and proud air. They think that an Empress is the chief figure in a perpetual pageant, and should be "*surtout gentil.*"

The Czarina, who is naturally light-hearted, and of a bird-like disposition, who likes to go a-shopping, and the Empress of Austria — who is, as we have seen, fond of out-of-doors — these two rebelled a little, doubtless; finally, however, the Czar and the Emperor saw the situation, and, approaching their royal wives, asked "why this unseemly mirth at a court ball?" "Oh," said the Empress, "we were trying to remember how happy we were before you two introduced us to all this wearisome grandeur."

The position of Americans is not a pleasant one in Austria. The late Mr. Motley, himself a favorite

at the court from his charm of manner and splendid intelligence, could never get the stiff Austrian Court to accept all his countrymen; hence he got into trouble. But, as some Secretary of Legation said, "If they insist on sixteen quarterings for an Austrian, they insist on sixty-four for an American;" so that as we have no quarterings at all, we can only succeed at Vienna by being clever, well-bred, intelligent, and polite — four quarterings which look well on any shield.

The Court of Austria is in direct contrast to that of Italy; the latter is the most democratic of all the European Courts, the former, the most dignified, stately, and unapproachable — a thousand walls of old-world etiquette must be scaled. First they are alike in being the homes of the most beautiful Royal women in Europe; and if the Empress could have her way, she would undoubtedly welcome Americans at her court. She speaks English perfectly — indeed almost all Viennese aristocrats do that. Vienna is a gay and pleasure-loving town, a miniature Paris, and the Royal Family are very popular. The Austrians espe-

cially respect Prince Rudolph and speak volumes of his "hard-working and conscientious-learned mind." They tell you anecdotes of the acquirements of the Princess Valerie, they are proud of their proud Emperor, but they love and rave over their beautiful Empress Elizabeth, the Forest Fairy, who rowed her way to a throne.

V.

"CARMEN SYLVA," QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

OF the gifted and intelligent women who have won names of renown for royal qualities of heart and brain, and who have supplemented to them the distinction of a throne, we have no more conspicuous example than the reigning Queen of Roumania, that "country of surprises."

We used to hear of this particular bit of geography as the "United Principalities;" but the inhabitants of this romantic country always have insisted on calling it "Roumania." After the Crimean War, Alexander John Cuza, a tyrannical and brutal colonel in the army, was elected Prince of Moldavia and Wallachia, and thus the present country called "Roumania" was made. But the people, clamoring for reforms, turned out the tyrant Prince Cuza, and elected the Comte de Handee to

be Prince. The Great Powers, Russia and Austria, had decided that no foreigner should ascend the Roumanian throne. But they were destined to be surprised. They were to hear one day, that Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, entering the United Principalities disguised as the valet of Monsieur Bratiano, had made a solemn entry into Bucharest, May 22, 1866, while those interested in watching him, namely Russia and Austria, supposed him to be in his chateau at Dusseldorf. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern "was a Prince with a future" evidently. Once as he was going up a staircase, in Russia, a young lady slipped on the top stair, and came tumbling down into his arms! That was his future Queen; so he has been surprised into both a wife and a Kingdom without much trouble to himself, apparently. When, however, as a young unmarried Prince, he accepted the governorship of Roumania, it was a wild and savage country, hemmed in between Russia and Austria, and oppressed by both. Servia and Roumania were also vassals of Turkey, under the guarantee of Europe. What wonder that roads were

neglected, taxes enforced, education suppressed, civilization impeded — the Principalities stifled!

Still, the inhabitants were a noble, free set of mountaineers, full of genius and courage and picturesque possibilities. Since their independence their country has been well called, "The Belgium of the East." Their little army saved Russia, before Plevna. The world shouted over that rally at the Grivetsa redoubt; and when in 1881 Charles and Elizabeth were afterwards crowned King and Queen at Bucharest, the world said, "Roumania is the first kingdom called into being by the red, or radical principle." It outranks in physical importance, Portugal, Denmark, Holland and Greece; and, menaced as it has been, it now promises, under the wise rule of its present monarch, to become a marvellous example of political and social progress.

Those who have heard Rubenstein's splendid musical composition called the "Sulamite," will not be unprepared to believe that a noble character inspired the musician, and it is with those ringing chords that we appropriately introduce our Royal Girl to whom it was dedicated — "Elizabeth Paul-

ine Attilia, Queen of Roumania," known by her title which she has won for herself, "Carmen Sylva" — the singer of the woods.

Her parents were both remarkable people. The Prince of Wied married the Duchess of Nassau. They had three children of whom Elizabeth Pauline was the eldest. They lived at Neuwied, were in great retirement and in sorrow (for they were both invalids) they educated their remarkable child. The Prince of Wied had been a great traveller, in his youth, and was rather dreaded amongst the Royalties of Europe for his progressive ideas, many of which he declared he had brought from America. He gave his daughter the training of a man, and she records, as her earliest ambition, that she desired to be a schoolmistress. She was also passionately fond of out-of-door exercise, was fed and clothed simply, and declared that the hardest lesson she had ever had to learn was how to enjoy luxury. She showed in these early days a power of concentration in study, which amazed her tutors. She had all the feminine graces, she had poetic and brilliant fancies, but she could conquer a tough

problem in philosophy, a hard sum in algebra, and the root of a Greek verb — "like a man."

Her father from his sick bed wrote: "I have no better companion in my studies than my little girl, who has the gift of continuous thought."

Elizabeth was soon to have added on to her other educational advantages, a tutor of Heaven's own choosing — Sorrow, the best teacher for those who are to rule over the destiny of others. Her younger brother, always an invalid, and therefore the more dearly loved by her, *died;* and this deepened and intensified her nature. She sorrowed for him so intensely that she lost her health, and her mother took her to Russia, to her aunt the Grand Duchess Helene, one of the most liberal and intellectual women of her day.

In that splendid salon, she met not only all that was most gorgeous and powerful in the Court Circle, but also the grandest intellectualities of all kingdoms. There came the poets, musicians, novelists, architects, statesmen; there she met the painters, sculptors, and essayists; Tourganieff, Samoïloff, Zichy, Lavozzæri, Vladimir, Rubenstein, all talked

with the beautiful Princess of the flashing eyes; and in this house she tumbled down stairs into the arms of Prince Charles, the future king of Roumania!

But sorrow again came in between Elizabeth and joy. She heard of the death of her beloved congenial father, and again she fell into a long illness. It was a pale and sad girl who in 1869, consented to become a bride. With what conscientious solemnity these two noble young people joined hands, can be best learned by the words of Prince Charles to the beautiful Elizabeth, in his betrothal: "*You must comfort tenderly where I have been too harsh, and you may petition for all.*" He knew his own nature.

When the Roumanians desired to become an independent nation they decided that a Kingdom would be safer than a Republic. It was a necessity of the situation. Such men as Rosetti and Bratiano rallied round the King, and gave the country a liberal constitution. Heaven had already sent them "Carmen Sylva," whom they call their "little mother." On March 26, 1881, the Great

Powers heard with surprise that the Chambers had voted the Kingdom by acclamation. Russia was mourning for her murdered Czar, Austria was reluctant to acknowledge the new Royalty, but the now aroused and united Roumanians were too strong to be put down. "Look at us now," they asked. "Look at our improved commerce, our books printed in all the languages of Europe, our schools, our roads, our homes! The security of life and of property! Look at our Princess who has founded Schools, Hospitals, Cooking-schools, Soup Kitchens, Art Galleries, and Art Schools. She has taught our women again to spin, to weave, to embroider, to wear the national costume — she wears it herself. She has given us popular lectures and sanitary laws, she has learned to read and write Roumanian, she has made herself acquainted with the needs of her Kingdom."

Alas, and alas! working for others, living a noble and useful life, Heaven again visited this woman with the heaviest sorrow which a woman's heart can know. She lost her only child.

Then, for four years, she suffered almost death,

almost a severe paralysis; but cured by the wonderful Dr. Metzgar, of Scheveningen, she emerged, strong, useful, beautiful, and with all the power of her enlightened intellect consecrated anew for her work and her Kingdom.

The Russo-Turkish War, in which Roumania fought for its life-blood, gave her a fresh occasion for the most noble self-sacrifice. In the dress of a Red Cross Nurse the beautiful Princess lived in the Hospitals, shunning no duty no matter how repellent. Conquering a constitutional aversion to the sight of blood, this noble creature spent her days and nights in attendance on the dying, and on the wounded, until the physicians held their breath in amazement. The old story of Florence Nightingale — the "soldiers kissing her shadow as she passed" — was repeated; and when Roumania had bought a right to assert independence and to proclaim itself a monarchy with her for its Queen, the grateful army voted a Memorial Group to their beloved Carmen Sylva. This sculpture represents her in her ambulance dress, tendering a drink of water to a wounded soldier.

Then came the coronation of the King and Queen, in the Palace at Bucharest. What a moment for the poetess, for "Carmen Sylva"! The peasantry, in the most striking national costume in the world, flocked to do homage. How the remote ages when there had been Kings of Roumania — "Michael the Brave," and "Stephen the Great," almost as mythical as King Arthur, as Homer's heroes — how they must have risen before her! She must have remembered well those sad days when the Roumanians were vassals of Turkey, and the Queens had received the consecrated anointing from the hands of the Metropolitan, the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. No doubt all this fine and picturesque Past knelt with her, as she took the imperial oath and passed from Princess to Queen.

Her woman's wit rescued the ceremonious Lord High Chamberlains from a difficulty at the very moment of the coronation. She is a Protestant, the King is a Catholic. She was obliged to be married to him *four times;* first according to the German civil code, then according to the Lutheran, her

own religion, then according to the Greek Church which is the creed of their Kingdom, then according to the Catholic Church which is the creed of the King. No one who has not lived in Europe, and at Courts, can conceive of the amount of red tape wound about a marriage so complicated.

Now who should crown the newly-made King and Queen? The Metropolitan Greek Patriarch could not touch either a Catholic or a Protestant. There were mountainous difficulties about the style of the ceremonial. She solved it all. "Let the ceremony be symbolic," she said. "Consecrate the crowns; they have no creeds. Let us, who are but the representatives of the Nation, let us consecrate *ourselves* to the service of the people."

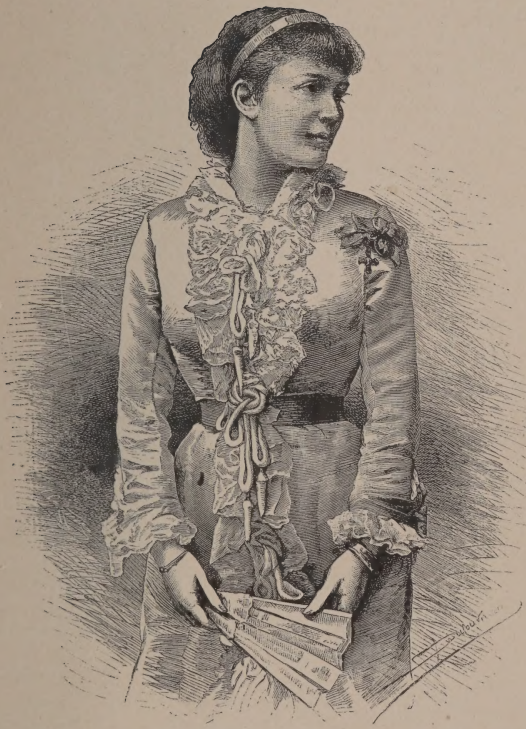
Thus nobly spake this "Royal Girl." Thus with a sensible phrase she swept away the cobwebs of an old-world etiquette, and relieved the nation of the awkwardness of asking the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople to anoint with Holy Oil the sovereigns who were neither of his faith or his religion. He could not have done it. But Roumania was satisfied if the crowns were consecrated. They

were taken to the cathedral the night before the coronation, were received and blessed by the clergy, were watched by the Heroes of Plevna — who are distinguished by bravery — and were carried by them to the scene of the coronation, when they were placed on the heads of Charles, King of Roumania, and of Elizabeth, his Royal Spouse.

The crown for the King was made of steel wrought out of the cannon captured at Plevna, Turkish cannon; the workmen at the arsenal made an elegant bit of work of this tempered steel. The best goldsmith in Bucharest claimed the right to fashion the Queen's crown of purest gold, beautifully chased, but at her orders, without one single precious stone; and when it was finished and placed on that fair broad brow, in which the lines of sorrow are distinctly written, she knelt and did homage to her lord and King and husband, whispering,

"*Remember, that Kings are made for Nations.*"

Although a stiff unsympathetic Hohenzollern, the King is a brave man, a good soldier, a truly prudent, patient ruler. He shares his wife's tastes for architecture, and for wood carving, and in their



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

leisure moments, they have built a picturesque palace in the mountains, called Sinaia. There the music-room is entirely surrounded by carved wood stalls like those in a cathedral. The Queen did much of the wood-carving herself. "These wood-carvings," says one who has seen them, "are suggested, but not copied from those of the sixteenth century, and lend to the Palace a unique individuality."

The Queen's intelligent appreciation of the arts has filled the Palace with choice pictures, fabrics of Eastern embroidery, and stained glass windows whose subjects are taken from old Roumanian poetry, and legend. "A poet on a throne has realized her dreams." The Roumanian native architects, painters and decorators have been employed, so far as it was possible, in this enchanted castle of Sinaia.

She is a superb musician, and at twilight, in this glorious music-room which she has built, she often improvises on the organ. She plays it like a master. Doubtless she needs this consolation much. She has many dreary hours, this Queen, many irksome duties to perform, and from her ear-

liest youth, music has been her great resource. She took lessons as a girl, of Rubenstein, and of Madame Schumann, and has never let her fingers "grow rusty," as musicians say. Married in 1868, and accompanying her husband, Prince Charles, to his position as ruler of Roumania (Prince but not yet King), she had to learn the new duty of obedience to him, and obedience to etiquette. Her child was born in 1870, and she had four years of great happiness; but an epidemic of scarlet fever, which raged in Bucharest, reached the Palace and carried off this only child, as we have seen — a blow from which she will not recover.

So from these sad memories she takes refuge at her organ, at her desk, in her poems, and in her books, which breathe that noble aspiration for freedom which perhaps her father learned in America. If we have had any national share in forming this noble character of "Carmen Sylva" we may be indeed grateful without any charge of vanity.

We now come to the literary achievements of this wonderful woman, though she has *lived* her best poem, not written it. Her verses are graceful

and of the purest ideality; they are not however those of an Elizabeth Barrett Browning. One of her most admiring critics says of her that she has needed the hard discipline of failure — "to do battle with the exigencies, caprices and uncertainties of publishers and editors." It has been her literary loss to be a Queen. She has however made a good version of the popular myth of the "Wandering Jew," and in it, given expression to a new idea, "that the Jew was trying to believe in Christ — that he could not die until he did believe." She has also written a book dedicated to her fellow women, called *Stürme*, full of emotional poems. We give here an entirely fresh translation of one of them.

TO MY SISTERS.

You, having heart and soul to bear
The trials of that thing, called Life —
Whose brows the scars of sorrow wear
The woes of health, from Passion's strife —

You, who through nights — when tempests rage
Can lift your head, and e'en your heart,

And in the earnest fight for wage
Can with the noblest bear your part —

You, women, bringing joy and smiles
Forever! like the generous sun
And bearing forth with winsome wiles
From man and earth the guerdon won!

You, who in silence, burdens bear
And kneeling, gently kiss the rod
What crowns eternal shall you wear
When, pilgrim clad, you mount to God!

Illustrious Saints — without a name,
You who celestial mountains climb!
— You Heroes, whom no shouts proclaim —
Sisters, accept my simple rhyme.

So sings in her Royal solitude, Carmen Sylva. Her biographer says well, that in these poems she has caught the "warm, homely, fanciful tone which distinguishes German lyricism from that of other nations, but these defy translation; they lose so much when they give up their aroma of national speech."

She has a fantastic streak in her many-sided nature, loves the realm of the Hobgoblins. She has written a queer poem called "Die Hexe," sug-

gested by the statue of a Fair Demon, exhibited in Paris in 1878. She here ascends into the weird world where Poe reigns supreme. Although her feeling is full of German romanticism, mythology, fairy lore and demonology, she has not yet reached that executive ability as a poet to make her mark where Goethe, Werner, and Schiller, William Godwin and Poe have left their powerful silhouettes. She has too much facility and too many ambitions. Her translations from the Roumanian Poets, Vasélio, Alecsandri, Eminesca, Neguezzi, and Schubanescu, are much admired in Germany. She has given these poets a European eminence. Perhaps the prettiest story of her literary life, is of her having in three weeks written in the Roumanian tongue a volume of Folk Lore, illustrating it with her own pencil, for the children of the National Schools. In her dedication, she tells them "that the proudest of her Kingdoms, is one which they also own, the Kingdom of Fancy."

We have spoken much of her experience of sorrow. After the death of her child, her poems became even more deeply sorrowful; she has written

a book called *Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage*, a series of disconnected stories, allegorical, but very pretty, ending one of them with the expressive phrase, "Sorrow took me by the hand, and led me onward," yes, and, e'en unselfishly upward!

The Queen is very proud of her ability to write well in French. She realizes its precious qualities of accuracy and neat wit. A French journalist, Albach, has collected her detached sentences, and published them under the form of *Les Pensées d'une Reine*. These are very remarkable, quite the best things she has done. They are like all that she writes, full of sadness, perhaps a little cynical, a curious trait in a character so full of generous impulses. But one of her biographers explains this by saying that as a Queen, surrounded by flatterers, she sees men and women in their least noble attitude. We are inclined to differ from this view, and to believe that so powerful a mind may be occasionally a little wanting in the balance which makes one always recognize the universal good in a world of woe. One of her aphorisms is very witty:

It is better to have a doctor for a father confessor than a priest; you tell the priest that you detest mankind; he tells you that you are not a Christian. The doctor gives you some quinine, and behold you love everybody. You tell the priest that you are tired of life; the priest answers, "Suicide is a crime." You tell the doctor the same thing and he gives you a stimulant; then you begin to love life very much.

Here are more of these *Pensées*.

Man is a violin. Not until the last chord is broken does he become a piece of wood.

Life is an art in which we too often remain amateur; to become master, one must shed his heart's blood.

One is not weary of life, but dreadfully weary of one's self.

Sleep is a generous robber. What he steals from your time, he gives to your strength.

Contradiction is the soul of conversation, that is one reason why Courts are so stupid.

When we affirm something of which we are not certain we call God to witness that what we have said is true. Is that because He never contradicts us?

One is pious, and philosophical, saying, "Thy will be done — or Nature, I respect your laws, even when I break them."

The habits of this extraordinary woman are very peculiar. She rises at four in the morning and

works until eight at her desk. After that hour she is at the service of her people. She often talks, receives guests, and serves the King in matters of state, for fifteen hours on a stretch.

Evenings are devoted to balls, dinners, and theatres, for Bucharest is a gay city, and the King and Queen (like the Prince of Wales) must go everywhere. She never gets more than four hours' sleep.

One cannot help wondering if this has not something to do with the *cynicism* of her *Pensées*, and if she would not do well to follow her own prescription, and take her doctor for her father confessor.

Her summer at Sinaia, at her beautiful castle in the Carpathian Mountains, of which we have spoken, is not a rest; it is only a more fatiguing court ceremonial, except for a few weeks in the autumn, when she takes a much needed retreat.

It may interest American readers to know that the first novel which she read was the *Wide, Wide World*, by Miss Warner, a book of which she retains a lively memory. She is very fond of Dickens;

indeed one can well imagine that a nature like hers, so human, so loving, so generous, perhaps also a little fantastic, but so *real*, would take to the creator of Little Nell, Dick Swiveller, Sam Weller and Paul Dombey. She cannot bear "surface talk." She is a natural-born questioner, knows how to get at all that is best in her companions, and although a voluble and tempestuous talker, she is also a good listener. She is said to have acquired Dr. Johnson's art of "tearing out the heart of a book," she reads so rapidly. If she lacks any virtue it is patience; all her tendencies are toward rapid thought, energetic work and freedom. Like the out-of-door Empress of Austria, she is a gypsy caught in the network of Royalty. Fortunately for her kingdom, she has a fine nature and a wonderful sympathy, else she would be a dangerous Queen. Her impetuosity however causes her to commit no greater crimes than a few false quantities in her verses, a too great liberality in her expenditures, not for herself, but for charity. She gives away the clothes from her own wardrobe, and undoubtedly commits the most unwise spendthrift generos-

ity with her own brain and her nervous energy, for she uses them too freely.

She says that she is glad that "she was born far from a throne," that she had the advantages of a farm life, a knowledge of animals, of the life of the poor, and also the privileges of romping through an untrammeled girlhood. She saw life as it was, the sterner and sadder side first, then its pomps and vanities, then and always, its duties. Heaven gave her its most perilous gift, Genius; it is doubtful if so richly freighted a bark ever sails the sea in ease and safety, but she has had the compass of a good conscience. "Ours is by no means an easy throne to fill," she says; "we are not old and established, but strangers in the land. We must try to gain the favor and good will of all."

One of her most picturesque duties has been to found a school of embroidery in which the old Byzantine patterns were carefully reproduced. The Roumanian women were in danger of losing their national reputation for spinning and weaving and for embroidery, but with a Queen for a patron, and one who herself wears the national costume, they

have become again the well-dressed industrious skilful Penelopes that they were. She wears a veil over her costume as a mark of queenly dignity. She has made it obligatory that at the annual charity balls at Bucharest the national costumes be worn.

It must be a romance worth reading — her memory of her own life! Her wise mother, to counteract her too fantastic dreamy imagination caused a farm to be laid out at Neuwied, where Elizabeth and her brothers tilled the ground, milked the cows, cut the grain, raised chickens. She was taught to cook, and was famed for her broth and beef tea later in the Hospitals. She can use her needle as well as her pen, and the carving tools admirably. She reads and writes German, French, English, Latin and Roumanian, thoroughly, and has a conversational knowledge of Russian, Turkish, Spanish, Italian. "It is nothing to learn a language," she says.

To-day courtly admirers find much of the woods and fields in her unsophisticated grace, in the directness and originality of her speech. She has never learned to be tamely conventional. Perhaps for that reason the Roumanians like her better

than they do her stiff German husband. But although she never mingles in politics, she makes herself felt in every part of her kingdom.

She was born in 1843. She is therefore no longer a very young woman. She is about forty-three years old, of very handome presence, with dark blue eyes, dark lashes and hair, with white teeth and a commanding alert figure. She is blessed with a "lovable magnetic presence," a rich sympathetic voice. She is in the very prime of her womanhood, of her energy and her wonderful industry. The institutions which she has founded amongst a lazy oriental and it is to be feared rather dirty people are enough to bear practical testimony to her energetic love for her nation. When she first went amongst her dirty but picturesque subjects her Dutch love of cleanliness was horribly shocked. She is a daughter of the blue and lordly Rhine, she loves fresh air and cold water, and indeed is a species of Undine in her passion for cold baths. No Roumanian ever washes himself if he can help it, and the peasants allowed their sheepskin garments to slough off as a serpent

changes its skin ; but with sympathy and fine tact, she has changed all this. She has taught them respect for sanitary laws, so that their miserable mud villages, are no longer miserable or decimated with fever, nor are the once poor diseased children left to die. The Memorial Hospital to that little Prince of Hohenzollern saves a thousand lives yearly.

VI.

THE "LILIES OF FRANCE."

IN nothing do all Royal Girls so differ from American girls as in the absolute habit of punctuality. A famous painter in Paris recently completed a picture of two French young ladies, one the daughter of the Count de Paris, the other a daughter of the Duc de Chartres, princesses of the house of Orleans; he said to a lady that they "were the only two sitters who never kept him waiting!"

At a dinner party in England, a very beautiful American girl once kept the whole company waiting half an hour. When she entered, the hostess was prepared for an excuse, but the young lady looked at the clock, and remarked: "Half an hour behind time! Well, I was having such a jolly row on the Thames! and I knew if I was not worth *waiting for* I was not *worth anything*."

"Ah!" sighed an English Duchess behind her fan, "how very American! not one of the Queen's daughters ever kept anybody waiting; but if she had done so, she would have apologized."

This is a "courtesy of Kings," this habit of punctuality. It is a virtue inculcated in courts. The royal family of England are remarkable for it; and the descendants of Louis Philippe — educated by Madame de Genlis, whose books written for her royal pupils might be read now with advantage, although somewhat old-fashioned — have all brought up their families to respect these traditions.

Nothing perhaps could better illustrate our meaning than by making further the acquaintance of the two "Lilies of France," as they are called — the Princess Amélie and her cousin, the Princess Marié.

Punctuality, obedience, the most thoughtful and thorough disposal of every hour of the day has been the regulation laid down for these Royal Girls since they left the nursery. Their English governess, a very superior woman, says that it is not "half so hard to train a Princess as to educate the daughter of an American *nouveau riche*,

for that the Princess is taught to be perfectly submissive, which the American girl never is."

Attractive, graceful and simple, the two young Princesses were seen just before the wedding of the eldest to Prince Waldemar, at a royal fête given by their grand-uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, himself a pupil of Madame de Genlis' system of instruction; for Louis Philippe, called the "Bourgeois King," had not forgotten her precepts, and in his hard life of exile had been obliged to try the efficacy of some of those "*seventy trades*," by which she boasted that she could have made a living by the application of any of them.

The Duc d'Aumale, from his grace and elegance, his talent and refinement, has been called an "Athenian of Paris." At his grand old feudal chateau of Chantilly, near Paris, he likes to assemble the members of the House of Orleans. This semi-royal residence is the best example of the real old chateau in France. Versailles and Fontainebleau are museums, Chambord and Blois are deserted, and it would require a lively imagination to re-people them with the glories of the past. Com-

piègne has no character; it was but a feeble imitation at best when Eugénie lived in it. But Chantilly is real, and all the glories of the House of Condé are visible in its unrivalled collections. But nothing in it is so precious as the two young girls who are often invited to visit their grand-uncle. What, indeed, in any house, is so precious as the young daughter of the house? what so worth time and trouble? To educate her, to make of her a refined and lovely woman — that is the best business of the human race.

These delicate Royal Girls, with profiles like Psyche, have had the severe training of a cadet at a military academy. They have been called at six to take a cold bath, to go through a calisthenic exercise; they have then gone to the private chapel to hear mass, for religious training has much to do with education in this royal family; they have then devoted certain hours to music, drawing, painting and sculpture, all under the wise oversight of their fathers, both painstaking persons, who did not allow them to be *crammed*, but really *taught* under a governess with vast experience in teaching.

Their education has been pursued exactly on the principles of public education in France, writing from dictation in four modern languages, pursuing arithmetic, geography and history. Great attention is paid in France to the formation of a beautiful handwriting, which is totally unlike ours, or the English hand; it is small, and neat as copperplate. For a Royal Girl particularly, the business of writing notes is a serious matter, and indeed no girl can afford to ignore the "admirable service of the pen," both as to external and internal excellence. Both the "Lilies of France" write exquisite notes.

In their schoolroom, as little girls, they wore the *sarrau*, a long black apron, like the girls at an *externe*, or public school, to keep their dresses neat through the exposures of blackboards, ink, pen, pencil, paint, or plaster. Like the poorest child in Paris, they were made to earn the medal for *la sagesse*, and for proficiency in study.

If they were good, they were taken to the *Jardins d'Acclimatation* to see the animals on one of the holidays, when the children of the public schools

were allowed to go. These Royal Girls were encouraged to save their pocket money — not to buy the waxen dolls so dear to American children (all dressed out to rival an Empress), but to give treats to the children of the poor. Simply dressed, their rank unsuspected, the little Lilies of France would buy for some thirsty child a drink from the fountain of liquorice water, or a taste of cream cheese with sugar on it, fruit, cake, or bonbons, or better still a ride on the Merry-go-round.

Now they are grown up, and the result of this education is apparent in their charming singing, their beautiful manners, their many accomplishments by which they make themselves the chief entertainers at the splendid Château of Chantilly; but they still find their best amusement in going off in the early morning with their attendants to minister to the wants of the poor people. There is neither assumption, arrogance or pretense in the manners of these Royal Girls. They have been taught that a bow, smile, recognition of the most gracious kind, is due from highest to lowest. They have all the French fascination of manner, as well

as those sterner virtues for which their mothers, grandmothers and aunts have been distinguished.

Of these two lovely cousins one is now married, the other affianced. The Princess Marié was married in October to the Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and is a sister-in-law to the Empress of Russia and to the Princess of Wales. When Prince Waldemar was being taken to call on the Duchesse de Chartres, by the Danish Ambassador, Count de Moltke, he looked up at a window where four or five girls were peeping. (Princesses are mortal!)

"That young girl in blue has the sweetest face," whispered the Prince to the Ambassador.

Count de Moltke smiled. Cupid had shot his arrow straight, for that was the Princess Marié. This Royal Girl has artistic talents of a high order; she paints admirably in water colors. The Duchesse de Chartres has taught her daughters herself, and at the Duc's Parisian hotel, the Duchesse has a studio fitted up for work. The ladies of this family all keep up the traditions of the domestic virtues and home training inculcated by the wife of Louis Philippe and her admirable daughters, one

of whom was a sculptress and made that pretty statue of Joan of Arc so familiarly known. There is another daughter of the Duc de Chartres, Princess Marguerite, who is as accomplished a pianist as the elder sister is an artist. Prince Philippe, the eldest son, is a beauty of the type of the romantic Valois family.

The wedding of the Princess Marié took place at the chapel of the Chateau d'Eu. It was a great and splendid scene, for the Orleanist Princes are enormously rich, and the jewels were magnificent. The Duc de Chartres gave his daughter a set of wild roses in diamonds, and the Duc d'Aumale, her royal uncle, the richest man in France, gave her diamonds and emeralds and rubies as plentifully as if they were blackberries. The Princess is a sweet, fresh, fair young woman with sunny hair. Prince Waldemar is also a blonde, about twenty-six years old and very good looking.

Another virtue which is inculcated in courts amongst young Princes and Princesses would well become young Republicans — parental reverence and respect for old age. The family relations in

France are especially beautiful; that of a grown-up son to his mother is a thing to be studied and copied. The Princesses Amélie and Marié kiss their mothers' hands when they bid them good-night, and they bend over their old uncle and press their fresh lips to his forehead.

It is certain that amongst all foreign girls of good family we see great stress laid upon the morning and evening salutation to parents; and that among us Recognition and Salutation are often vulgarized and barbarously maimed by a certain coarseness of manner which is thought to be frankness, or good fellowship, or perhaps a stylish assumption of the over-cordial; it is also certain that it is possible to correct excess of manner without losing a particle of genuine truth and independence, to be gracious without being servile, to be honest without being rude.

Why should the American school-girl be above taking lessons from these Royal Girls of France? For one thing, let her listen to their voices. From their secluded and carefully-watched schoolroom they issue, speaking in a low sweet voice. It is

modulated carefully, so that it will not offend the most fastidious ear. It is still natural, and most girlish, the laugh particularly so.

Nor is a Royal Girl ever permitted to do anything carelessly. If she be a well-educated Princess, she has been taught that whatever is "worth doing at all is worth doing well." Her notes are free from erasures or blots, they are carefully considered. Her drawings must be contrasted with those of artists; they must not be *amateur*. "Remember," said the wise Prince Albert to his daughters and sons, when they sent some of their drawings to a fair, "remember, if you put 'Albert Edward,' 'Victoria,' 'Alice,' at the foot of your picture and there is an arm or a nose badly drawn, some one who looks at it may be encouraged to draw carelessly too."

At the Fête of St. Denis, at the royal Château of Chantilly, an American gentleman present was struck as he was making his way through the Forest with the remarkable riding of a young girl in front of him. Seeing him watch her, as she turned aside for the royal stag to pass her (for the Duc

keeps up the legend and sends out a stag to be hunted for that day), she drew up her horse and allowed him to join her. Her groom, an elderly servant in the royal livery, followed close behind her. She entered into conversation with him, and, with what he thought remarkable clearness, gave him details of the history of the Château — the pretty old quaint story of the Legend of St. Hubert, and answered his questions in English so excellent, and with so modest common sense that as she bowed and trotted off, he asked the groom who she was.

"The Princess Amélie d'Orleans."

"Alas! I wish my daughter knew the history of her own country so well — or could ride as courageously," said the American.

His daughter might have done as well if he had worked as hard over the matter of teaching her as the Count de Paris has been willing to do.

It is not only a matter of dollars and cents, this education of girls; it is far more a matter of thought and consideration. The American family is not taught the value of time, the beauty of system, as these foreign people are taught. No Amer-

ican father grudges money; on the contrary he spends generally twice as much as foreigners do in giving his children the best masters and the most expensive schools. But he does not begin at six o'clock in the morning to make every hour tell, he does not insist on the judicious alternation of work and play, *he does not give thought to it.*

In considering the "Lilies of France," we must remember that their fathers did not hesitate to come over during our war, serving on the staff of General McClellan, and that they regarded obedience to orders as the first duty of a soldier, also that in unqualified courtesy to all they had no superior, and few equals.

The Princess Amélie, daughter of the Count de Paris, is a very tall young maiden, somewhat like her grandmother, the Duchesse d'Orleans, who was a very superior person and who was widowed young by the dreadful accident which deprived France of its best hope, her husband Ferdinand d'Orleans being killed by a fall from his carriage in his thirty-third year. His sons, the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, have always been

singularly attached to each other. Their daughters have been brought up like sisters.

It is now the turn of the Princess Amélie to be betrothed, and the Duc de Braganza, son of the King of Portugal, is the happy lover. He too had a distinguished grandmother, called Maria del Gloria, who was a Bourbon. So the pretty and pleasing horsewoman who told so well the story of St. Hubert, is about to renew all the glories of her exiled Race. Well is she fitted to shine, either on a throne, or in the exalted sphere of private life. Like her father and uncle, she has learned *to obey.*

VII.

THE ROYAL GIRLS OF DENMARK.

LUCK," which is supposed to befriend the "Cobbler," likewise can help along a "King." No one is more beholden to the fickle goddess than a "little Princeling" of forty years ago who, as a captain of cavalry, had the temerity to marry on fifteen hundred a year. His very plain little chateau just out of his native city of Copenhagen soon found itself full of a noisy group of boys and girls who had no idea how many crowns were to be given to them to play with.

Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Sonderburg, Glücksburg, had but a remote and slight relationship to the Royal family of Denmark, the house of Oldenburg; but his wife, who is his distant cousin, was more nearly connected than himself. The crazy and childish King Frederic VII. liked him,

however, and hailed him gladly as his heir-apparent when the treaty of London, ignoring the claims of the Augustenburg branch, voted the right of succession to this impecunious Prince Christian.

Still he had been a handsome enough young Protestant Prince to be sent to London in his youth as a possible husband for the young Queen Victoria. There were even rumors at one time that she preferred him to Prince Albert! But alas! one night he took too much wine at dinner, it is said, and she gave him his refusal, and sent him back to Copenhagen; an anecdote which might point a moral to young lovers who are not Royal! However he went home and married a very estimable and handsome Princess who is said to be his superior. Perhaps this, after all, was his first success.

On the death of Prince Ferdinand, the uncle and also the heir of the crazy king, the law of succession was passed over, ignoring the Augustenburg branch, as we have seen, and making the Duke of Glücksburg, or Prince Christian as he was now termed, heir-apparent, with a salary of about forty-five hundred dollars.

At the Bernsdorf Castle where the Duke took up his semi-royal residence his daughters, the Princesses, then nearly grown-up, lived in much better style than they had done before this accession of fortune. In his days of poverty the girls had made their own dresses, turning them if necessary, and also showing skill in the making of bonnets — of which pastime the Princess of Wales is still secretly fond, it is said. Alexandra and Dagmar were on visiting terms with the families of the army and navy officers and the bureaucracy of Denmark. Their simplicity and frank good nature then, as now, endeared them to every one. Alexandra became a famous pianist. She plays like an artist, or did. Perhaps her deafness may now interfere a little with this splendid gift.

When it was considered proper to marry off the Prince of Wales, a rapid résumé of the possible Protestant Princesses whom he could marry narrowed the chance down to three, of whom Alexandra of Denmark pleased him best. On March 7, 1863, the Princess landed at Gravesend with her parents, then Prince and Princess Christian of

Denmark (for the King was still alive, and paid for the trousseau of the youthful Alexandra, her father being too poor). She was met there by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. A magnificent pageant preceded and accompanied her through the city of London, by the Mansion House, Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street and the Strand. In Hyde Park seventeen thousand London volunteers stood under arms to guard her progress. She was received at Windsor Castle by the recently-widowed Queen, and on the subsequent Tuesday, March 10, she was married to her illustrious bridegroom in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. She was surrounded by her family; her father and mother, her sister Thyra, and her little brother Waldemar. Her eight bridesmaids were chosen from the noblest maidens of Great Britain. The religious service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of Windsor. The Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and other Royalties assisted at the ceremonial. The scene in St. George's Chapel was

noble and grand, especially as the Knights of the Garter in their splendid robes were there in full force. The Royal Girl from Denmark was "then and there enthroned as Queen of Hearts." Tennyson greeted her as "The Sea King's Daughter, from over the sea." Her ancestors were called Vikings and all the Northern Mythology was invoked to find parallels for her blushing charm, for her grace and dignity, and for an attraction which she has never lost — *thorough unconsciousness of self.* From that moment too, the House of Oldenburg became a central pivot of European politics, and Christian of Denmark was universally sought for as a "Father-in-law."

An English paper says of this quietly-reared Royal Girl of Denmark:

The English people know little more of her than the unconscious goodness and sweetness of her disposition, her unostentatious virtues as a Wife, a Daughter, a Sister, a Mother, and the womanly charm of her presence felt as a blessing wherever she goes, worshipped as true womanhood should be with the silent homage of the heart. Of her personal sentiments, of any special accomplishments of learning

or taste, no public testimony has been given or required. The Princess of Wales is a true lady and we all believe her to be good; that is enough for us all. The Royal Family of Denmark is German; the English hail the Danes as their national kindred. The Scandinavian race is worthy of the highest esteem. She came to England in good time to disperse the cloud of sorrow that had hung over the Court and Kingdom during the sad retirement of the widowed Queen into private life since the death of the Prince Consort.

From that time to this she has indeed been one of the most universally beloved and admired Princesses in the world, and has by her admirable prudence ensured for the Prince of Wales a place in the estimation of all England, which with a different wife he might have lost. After twenty-two years of married life she is still the toast of London society. She has preserved a remarkably youthful appearance, is in the highest degree ladylike and gracious. *No one ever speaks ill of her.* In manner she is still as sweet and as simple as she was when she arrived in England, although she holds perhaps the most enviable place in all the world, as the powerful and gracious wife of the future sovereign, as a beautiful woman, as the person to

whom all hats are taken off, as the most admired, courted, and noble lady in the land. For she is, after the Queen, the most potent person in England.

She and her sister, the Empress of Russia, often meet at Copenhagen, and both shake hands with the old coachman who drove their carriage when they were girls. This always excites enthusiasm in Copenhagen. In their benefactions they do not forget the plain private school in which they first learned their "A, B, abs," and the multiplication table. They are very dear and kind sisters to each other, and truly benevolent. The Empress of Russia used to be spoken of as the most generous, until it was ascertained that the Princess of Wales had not so profuse a private purse as her imperial sister. The Empress is of course the possessor of the purse of Fortunatus. She has but to dip her hand in, and the gold comes. When she heard that this criticism was being made she delicately said, "that hereafter the Princess of Wales would decide on all questions of benevolence and that she (the Empress) would give only what her sister thought best."

It is said that Queen Victoria found her Royal Girl of Denmark at first wanting in those hereditary ideas of grandeur which should mark "royal blood." She reminded her more than once that she must not help herself; must *not* put an apron "to save her gown" — that she thought "Albert Edward would be able to buy her a new one when that one was worn out." So the Queen told her to read Andersen's Fairy Story of the "real Princess, who felt the Pea through seven feather beds." Victoria, born and bred a haughty Queen, was confident that she should have detected the Pea. She told the story of a certain Empress who, not having been born a Queen, effused and froze at the wrong moments — too dignified one minute, *too free* another. She thought her daughter-in-law confessed to a plebeian education when she essayed to open the piano for herself, as she was about to play at a private drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. No Princess since the days of Berengaria had ever opened her own piano, and evidently *she* had no piano to open!

The Princess is said to have on this occasion vin-

dicated her title to being the daughter of a Viking; and, sitting down to the instrument, she played so brilliantly that the Queen herself applauded.

"Ask mamma if I *play* too well for a Princess," she whispered to the Prince.

But the Queen could not but see that this daughter-in-law, so plainly and so unpretendingly brought up, was a *real Queen at heart.*

For ten years she went on, gaining every day in public favor, the best wife to a very gay young Prince, the happy mother of many children — and then the fabric of her love and greatness seemed to totter to its base. The Prince, her husband-lover, as dear to her as at first, fell ill of a fever at Sandringham, and lay trembling between life and death for weeks. There was sympathy for the Queen, sympathy for the Princess, sympathy for England, expressed all over the world. There was such danger for England — should he die — in a long regency; both England and France had felt that before. The hideous spectre of Communism rose on the horizon. There had been angry meetings in Hyde Park. The recent explosions in Paris of

the mobocracy frightened well-behaving as well as ill-behaving Englishmen.

The young wife watched by her husband's bedside a perfect angel of tenderness and love. Every one rejoiced when the tide turned in his favor, and prayers went up from Bombay to San Francisco, that Albert Edward might be spared. And the Danish Princess — what did she do? When the fever left him and the physician said "Hope!" she took one of her little girls by the hand and walked through the fields to the parish church near Sandringham, and there, attended only by one lady, she knelt and with grateful tears gave thanks that her husband was spared to her, as any young wife would have done. No procession of lackeys, no outriders, no carriages, no grand going in state to thank the King of Kings that he had spared England's King. No! The clergyman of the parish did not know that she was in church until he looked up from the reading desk, and saw her, "devoutly kneeling."

At the family gatherings at the castle in Copenhagen, the mother of the Princess of Wales delights

in sitting at the head of her table, and making tea for her grandchildren. They are a motley group! Greece, Russia, and England, all speaking English. The religion of this remarkable family is still more diverse than their nationality — Lutheran, English High Church, Russian Orthodox, Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic.

The Prince of Wales, for some reason, is not popular in Copenhagen, but the Czar of Russia is. They say that "a finer physique never bathed in the North Sea than his!" He on his side — poor Nihilist-haunted man — says that "it is the only place where he feels safe."

Dagmar is the loveliest of the King's daughters. She is short, with soft brown eyes; if she is not as classically beautiful as the Princess of Wales she is more charming in some ways. She has a face full of feeling in which the color comes and goes. She was always a more robust person than Alexandra, and more fond of out-of-door occupations. The old retainers about Bernsdorf Castle remember with pleasure that on more than one occasion she drove the oxen in the field, and took hold of the

plough, learning to run a straight furrow. She has great influence over the Czar; to her is attributed the breaking up of the proposed war with England.

Thyra, the third sister, is not at all pretty, although she has a certain *chic*. She is married to Ernest, Duke of Cumberland. This, considering the marriages of her brothers and sisters, was held to be a *mésalliance*. Thyra has not been as fortunate as her sisters in any respect. But it is possible, in view of the "mysterious future which Bismarck's death may herald for Germany," that Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, a man of immense wealth, may become King of Hanover again. The Crown Princess of Germany, the Princess Royal Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa of England, the future Empress of Germany, means to bring in a new *régime*, no doubt, when she takes the helm.

The Queen of Denmark, the mother of six wonderfully successful children, if we take success as meaning Royal Crowns, is "mistress of her house" in every sense of the word. Rigidly orthodox and religious, she has communicated the same spirit to her daughters. The King is dull and good, a nature

limited in all respects. Yet Christian has behaved himself well in emergencies. He is said to have found out the "seamy side" of Kingship in 1864, when Prussia and Austria forced on him a brutal war of aggression; but the marriage of his daughter Dagmar in 1866 reinstated his good fortune.

His eldest son, the Crown Prince of Denmark, married a daughter of the King of Sweden. This lady brings great wealth into the family. Her daughter is said to be

> A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair.

She is too tall, perhaps, for beauty. She and the daughter of the Count de Paris, are the two tallest Princesses in Europe.

Olga, Queen of Greece, wife to the second son of this Royal House of Denmark, is a daughter of Duke Vladimir of Russia. She has a certain stately blonde loveliness of her own. The third son, Prince Waldemar, has recently married Princess Marie, one of the "lilies of France."

As it may amuse our young readers to trace the

fortunes which are all slowly travelling toward the descendants of King Christian of Denmark we quote from an English newspaper some details of the "prospects" of the Princess Marie:

She is eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, who is the youngest son of the Duc d'Orleans who was killed before he came to the throne of France. The grandfather, Louis Philippe, left one hundred and thirty million of francs, in ready money, to his children. The Duchesse de Chartres, the mother of the Princess Marie, is the daughter of the Prince de Joinville and will inherit all his wealth. She has expectations also from her uncle, Duc d'Aumale, one of the richest men in Europe. The Duc de Chartres had also a handsome fortune; so that Prince Waldemar of Denmark and his family will come in for a very large share of that immense fortune of the Orleans Princes.

"It is a river into which many swollen affluents are falling." Fortunate for the world — those few years of poverty and self-sacrifice which gave the Queen of Denmark time and self-restraint to rear all these children, to whom such splendid destinies are given, such immense power for the welfare or the ruin of thousands of their fellow beings!

The Prince Waldemar is said to be about twenty-seven, tall, light-haired and handsome, the youngest child of his fortunate parents — their "darling pig," as the papers say. He will inherit all their savings, as England will take care of Alexandra and her children. Russia has enough for Dagmar, and hers. Their eldest son has, as we have seen, "enough coming in" from Sweden. The King of Greece may "need a little sum," for Greece is not a rich inheritance.

In the marriage of Prince Waldemar with the young Orleanist Princess, it is Denmark that confers honor, instead of receiving it. The exiled House of France, immensely rich, is glad to gain through this so fortunate marriage an alliance with all the most important reigning Houses of Europe. The teetotum of fortune has spun round in forty years and the "little Princeling" now makes his own terms with the once proud dynasty of France. The best of all this part of the story is that the young pair, Waldemar and Marie, are *real lovers.*

Victoria of England has thirty-five grandchildren, and three or four great-grandchildren. Of these,

the children of the Prince of Wales, and those of the Princess Helena, commonly known as Princess Christian, are Schleswig-Holsteiners. This House is remarkable for its many kingly connections. The Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein who married the Princess Helena in 1865, is of the Sonderburg Augustenburg branch, whose right to the throne of Denmark was superseded by the present King, our "little Princeling," another Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

At the moment at which we write, in 1885, the Royal family of Denmark are enjoying a *reunion* most remarkable in its character. The Prince and Princess of Wales with all their children, the Czar and Czarina of Russia with theirs, the Princess Thyra and her husband, the King of Greece and his family, and the Crown Prince of Denmark with his Scandinavian brood and Swedish wife, are making gay the little city of Copenhagen. One can but wish that Thorwaldsen, the great genius of the North, could return to earth to embody in his imperishable marble this fair and healthy group of Royalties.

VIII.

RUSSIAN ROYAL GIRLS.

THE first thing an American does on arriving in St. Petersburg is to try to comprehend Peter's colossal whim — the building of this enormous city in a marsh. He calls an *isvostschic* and starts for a drive down wide interminable streets, and loses his power of measuring distances in squares a mile wide. So generous was he of these reclaimed acres, the crazy Tzar, that even his gigantic palaces and public buildings seem small in the immensity; even St. Izak's, the great cathedral, is dwarfed by the plain about it. It is an enormous sweep, St. Petersburg, and needs all its color to prevent a feeling of loneliness. The roofs are red, the church-domes green and gold, the sky is brilliantly blue, the verdure is very green in the short Russian summer, and there are unexpected

fascinations and allurements of color which help to curtain these otherwise unfinished corridors of space — it is the story of the Russian Empire over again; splendor, variety, unlimited expanse, a blare of trumpet and drum, covering up and hiding want and wretchedness, cold, oppression, woe; the barbaric pearl and gold baldachin thrown over the naked skeleton of Nihilism, the iron will of a tyrant commanding Aladdin's Palace in a swamp.

The *isvostschic* or hack-driver drives his shaggy horse, in a drosky, like lightning through these wide streets. It is the beginning of a picturesque dream. He turns into the "*Nevska Prospekt*," than which there is not a more brilliant street in Europe. His American hears brilliant bands of music, sees a military display in which bands of Cossacks dash wildly to and fro, beholds pass as in a vision all the costumes of the far East; Asia is at his elbow, while Paris, the beloved of the upper classes, has lent its last elegance to the women and the men of the Russian aristocracy. Adown the Titanic perspective he sees all the nations of the earth. On either side of him palaces rise like an exhalation.

MARIE FEODOROVNA, THE CZARINA.

His guide tells him that in yonder ball-room he must take his telescope to see a group of statuary at the end, that twenty thousand wax candles are called on to illuminate it for a court ball. He looks with wonder at the Admiralty, the government offices, the houses of the nobility each in a spacious courtyard. He sees windows of plate glass, each pane fifteen feet long by eight wide, which shelter magnificent groups of tropical flowers. He looks at the Imperial Palace, at the shops, at the equipages, at the priestly parades, at the groups of senators, judges, generals, governors, bishops, field-marshals, courtiers, all in uniform. His eye picks out the miserable peasant, the *mond jik*. He tries to understand this strange *mélange*, this mingled sunshine and dust, and to comprehend its glare and its gloom. Such is the first view in St. Petersburg.

Around the four islands which make Petersburg winds the Neva like a silver thread. Then it goes off to embrace the Garden Islands on which the Grand Dukes have their summer houses — a scene of delightful verdure and perfect flowers. The palaces and villas, the birch glades, the blossoming

of the enamelled turf—all is a scene of enchantment. For hot-house plants find their perfect bloom in Russia. On one of these Garden Islands is the summer residence of the Imperial Family, the Tzarokoe Solo, a country-seat so beautifully kept that the saying is that they dust the leaves every evening and lay all the stones straight in the road.

After this bird's-eye view, the traveller goes to walk on the English quay, the fashionable promenade, where the Emperor and Empress and the nobility are to be met. This quay is the work of the Empress Catherine II. who enclosed all her canals and rivers about the capitol with colossal blocks of granite. They make much of their rose-colored granite in St. Petersburg. They have monoliths of it sixty feet high. Alexander I. raised one when he came home from subduing Napoleon. After granite comes malachite. Columns of this beautiful green precipitate of copper from the imperial manufactory at Peterhoff, fifty feet high, and worth at the least seventy thousand dollars apiece, adorn the front of St. Izak's. There are statues and vases of it everywhere. The Russians love malachite.

This great cathedral, St. Izak's, is, within, all colors — red and gold and ivory — saints, altars and shrines, stained glass and malachite, lapis lazuli and gems. It is in the form of a Greek cross, three hundred feet in diameter. Into this great church one day came a little Danish maid named Dagmar to be married. When she came to Petersburg it was thought a great thing for Denmark. Now the whole world thinks it was a great thing for Russia, for the Northern princess with golden hair and red rose cheeks, has proved herself more than a brilliant match for the Tzar of all the Russias, a wise and good woman in a place of dangerous power. Her position is the most splendid in the world — this girl who used to make her own dresses and trim her own bonnets.

When she and Alexander came to the throne, after the assassination of Alexander II., she at once emphatically seconded her imperial husband in all his reforms. She had a tender thought for the women of Russia. She founded the Female Gymnasia and Progymnasia, and herself wrote a series of articles for the papers: "How to Educate our

Girls." Thanks to her, nowhere in Europe has there been such a vast development given to the scientific education of young girls as in Russia; nowhere have they been given such easy access to liberal careers, and to government employments. In 1873, no less than seventy-seven Russian ladies were studying medicine at Zurich. She is very much interested in the Institute of *Smolnoi*, where the daughters of noble and impoverished Russians are educated for governesses. Teachers of all kinds, it should be said, hold a much higher and more important position in Russia than elsewhere. They form a distinct class in the state, and the men hold a brevet rank amongst state officials, and have a good chance of rising in public life, for the Russians hold culture in great respect. Female teachers are very important people, and often marry brilliantly. They always make fortunes, for the salaries are enormous.

Dagmar herself is a scholar. She mastered the Russian language at the outset. There are sixty million of her subjects who speak nothing else, and the Empress loves her adopted country. She once

remarked to an American Minister that "the Russian language is full of power and beauty, it equals the Italian in music, the English in vigorous power and copiousness;" for compactness of expression she claims that it rivals the Latin, and for the making of new words is equal to the Greek. It certainly has in itself an alphabet and spelling entirely phonetic.

I have said that the first thing an American does in Russia is to look at St. Petersburg. The next thing is to call on his Minister and to present a letter to a Grand Duke. For a Russian Grand Duke is apt to be kind to our countrymen, and the great doors of the Winter Palace swing open at the word "American."

If the American be well presented by his Minister, if he bears the searching investigation of that sleepless police, if he prove that he is not a Nihilist — then all goes well with him. He receives through his Minister a card as valuable and almost as heavy as the keys of a fortress, that will allow him to make his respectful bow to the Empress.

Both as Tzarévna and Empress the Royal Girl Dagmar has won golden opinions from the Americans at Court. At her coronation in Moscow, one of the most splendid of all modern ceremonies, by some mistake the American Naval Ambassador and his wife did not receive their invitations. This fact soon reached the ears of the Tzar and the Tzarina. Great was the embarrassment of chamberlains and vice-chamberlains. It was a discourtesy of the highest, a slight to a nation they like, a diplomatic mistake which in diplomatic Russia cannot be tolerated. It is said to be due to Dagmar's woman wit that it was most kindly rectified. The Admiral and his wife were asked to the Ball in the evening by a *personal* invitation. One of the grandest officers of the court called and apologized. At the Ball a Grand Duke took the American lady into the Royal quadrille, and, a few weeks after, a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, containing the portrait of the Emperor, was sent to the American Naval Ambassador. Better than all the newly-crowned Empress Dagmar, the Tzarina of all the Russias, sent for the lady, and conversed with her

several minutes in the most agreeable manner at the Ball.

> The world is wide, these things are small,
> They may be little —*but they are all.*

That is, they show that the simple education of Dagmar fitted her for not only the splendid duties of her exalted position, but that both have left her heart unspotted from the world. She could have managed the etiquette without the kindness. She happily combined the two.

The lovely Danish Princess had indeed been well-schooled in self-control and submission. A tender, sad romance lies back of her splendor and happiness.

Her husband's elder brother, the Tzarovitch, who died at Nice in the twenty-first year of his age, had been betrothed to her. When she was told in her schoolroom that she was to marry him, and become Empress of all the Russias, she wept bitterly, and fell on her father's neck and begged of him to save her from the terrible country of Catherine II., cold and cruel Russia! However, the young people were allowed to see more of each

other than is generally allowed in Royal engagements, and they grew to be passionately attached. When the poor young Prince died Dagmar was heart-broken. When a year afterwards it was proposed that she should marry his brother Alexander, she again refused her consent to become the future Russian Empress. But, strange as it may seem, she grew to like the young Alexander, and finally to love him, and there is no happier marriage on any throne of Europe than that of Dagmar and Alexander. The Emperor adores her. She has courage. She was the hopeful wife during all the period of trouble which owing to the Nihilists followed her marriage. Never did her husband leave her that she did not dread his assassination. She was a great comfort to the Tzarina, who broken in health and heart by the death of her son, wept herself to death.

But the Court to which Dagmar was called is one of the most aristocratic in the world, proud, and heavily freighted with etiquette. It is said that a foreigner must approach the Empress of Russia through three thousand officials! The

Winter Palace, with its polished floors, its walls blazing with a thousand wax candles, its gorgeous hangings, malachite pillars, and works of art, its tropical flowers, palms, and ferns, its floors inlaid with ebony and rosewood and ivory is a wonderful and mysterious place. There surrounded by a sea of splendor, stands the young Empress, herself a moving mass of diamonds. Her necklace reaches from her throat to her waist, on her head is the crown made for Elizabeth, all the gems of the East are on her breast, with the proudest of imperial orders. Surrounded by Grand Duchesses and by Grand Dukes, each of whom blazes with jewels, stands this young woman called to a destiny which is so peerless and so perilous. She bows graciously to the guest presented, and stands for hours to do her part in this great pageant, Royal in her royal robes.

Then the guest goes on, and on, to the supper rooms. In the largest, the imperial supper-table is spread, and two others, for the Ambassadors and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. There are two bands which play alternately during supper,

which is served from a massive gold and silver service. The wine stands in coolers of silver, beautifully wrought. The glass is that of Venice and Bohemia, the china, the rarest old Saxe, Dresden and Sevres. Every piece may have been the gift of a monarch. Nowhere in the world is a more imperial entertainment; a hot supper is served for three hours to three thousand guests.

After supper the guests can wander through a corridor ornamented with palm trees and orchids, where tea is served. Servants in red, yellow, and white livery, stand behind the tables. Maids-of-honor, and Russian dames, of high degree, ladies of the Diplomatic corps, and opposite to them Russian gentlemen all in court or military uniform guard a door by which Royalty enters and makes its exit through this corridor.

Once there was a Boston Boy, named George Sumner, who wrote a letter to the Tzar Nicholas, the grandfather of the present Tzar, telling him that he had brought him a present — some acorns from the tomb of Washington. The Emperor received him kindly and asked him to this same

Winter Palace. There the Boston Boy saw Olga, most peerless of snow-white beauties, the Emperor's favorite daughter. She was tall, with matchless blue eyes and a smile of sweetness. When the young Bostonian saw her dance the mazourka and the wild polonaise, he did not doubt the story that the musician Strauss had fallen in love with her from the music gallery — "it was the desire of the moth for the star"—and had gone out and shot himself, after writing a waltz in which music and melancholy, the minor key and the gayest melody, were fantastically mingled, which last work of his he dedicated, "to the Grand Duchess Olga."

These Royal Girls of Russia were very carefully educated. They had English governesses and German professors. They were especially taught all the forms of the Greek Religion. They remained good Russians wherever they went. One became Queen of Wirtemberg, one Grand Duchess of Wiesbaden. They never forgot the Greek Church. Olga, the beautiful, who in her youth was the toast of Europe for her beauty, was especially devout. She used to observe all the festivals

and cultivate the Russian customs. She learned the sad songs, "the tears of Russia" as they are called, by which the peasants breathe forth their sorrow. Perhaps hearing her sing them may have inspired her brother, the murdered Tzar, Alexander II., with his great scheme of freeing so many millions of serfs.

The niece of Olga, the Duchess of Edinburgh, is said to resemble this aunt in her attachment to old forms. Neither she, nor her brother the Tzar, have the beauty of the Romanoffs, nor the caressing manners of some of the race. She was very carefully educated under the eye of her mother, the sad Tzarina. She had for her companion a young girl slightly older than herself, a member of the Institute of Smolnoi. With this friend she kept pace in all the studies required of the advanced pupils at the Institute, and received no excuse because of her Royal Blood. Inheriting the constitutional gravity of her father (in his case, it was almost melancholy) she has not been a favorite at gay courts; no doubt his sad end affected her very much. But she is said, even in England,

to be an excellent wife and mother. Indeed the household of the Duke of Edinburgh is described by an English lady who knows it well to be a model one.

Another pen shall give you one more Winter Palace glimpse of the pomp of Russian royal life — the christening of a Russian Royal baby, the son of Dagmar, when Dagmar was only the Tzarina, and Alexander the Tzarovitch — the little Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. It was one of the last bright scenes before the assassination of Alexander II.

"Punctually at ten o'clock in the morning the procession started from the palace of the Tzarovitch. First, one hundred of the Emperor's bodyguard — two platoons of them stretching from one side of the street to the other. Behind them rode a solitary officer and next four grooms in imperial livery. A gilt coach followed drawn by six bay horses with gilt harness and containing the Master of Ceremonies of the Tzarovitch court. A larger gilt coach came after the first, in which were the Cushion-bearer and the Blanket-bearer, one of

them being Count Kotzebue, the Governor of Poland, and the other Prince Suwaroff. Then appeared a third gilt coach. In this was the Mistress of Ceremonies of the Tzarévna's Court, and the baby, '*L' August Grand Duc, Nouveau-Né*' — the newborn baby.

"The equipage which carried him had outriders, each of the carriages had postilions, coachmen, two were in the rumble, and three servants walking in the road on either side dressed in imperial livery. Some of these men held up the skirts of their fur-lined coats as they marched through the snow, thus presenting rather an absurd appearance. A company of Cossacks brought up the rear.

"The whole procession reached the imperial palace in time, and ladies were admitted, at the door of the Council of the Empire, gentlemen in uniform, ladies in full dress, low necks, and trains. After dropping their fur cloaks, for the thermometer was ten degrees above zero, they ascended a broad staircase of white marble with carved oak balustrades, were confronted with two rosewood doors, heavily gilt, which opened into a long hall.

Through this corridor with windows looking over the Neva on the one side, and into a conservatory on the left, with fountains, palm-trees, and tropical plants, they passed into a high and beautiful room held up by pillars of marble.

"Then through a labyrinth of splendors and an endless corridor, lined with portraits of the Emperors of Russia, and standards holding up innumerable Sevres vases, they reached an enormous throne-room, with a raised dais for a throne, vistas of long passages with arched ceilings and painted walls; a smaller throne-room with immense malachite vases, lapis lazuli tables, ebony doors inlaid with gold, silver and ivory, pillars of marble and granite from Finland and Siberia; a huge room with rows of silver candelabra reaching nearly from floor to ceiling, marqueterie floors, polished mirrors, and pictures. But we are 'keeping the baby out in the cold.' Finally the chapel is reached, where were members of the Diplomatic court assembled, gentlemen in uniform, ladies in court dress. The gentlemen on one side of the room, the ladies on the other.

"At the back of the chapel, was a gilt iconotase ornamented with rich jewels. In front of this screen was the font. The choir, dressed in red robes trimmed with yellow, was already in its place. Presently the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, in a white brocade robe trimmed with gold and a tall pointed hat, came from behind the iconotase bearing an icon, and followed by a priest with holy water. About ten more priests succeeded them in gorgeous dress. The priests met the Emperor who kissed the icon and was sprinkled with holy water. Each member of his family entered and followed his example. The procession then walked to the font, and the Imperial Family took up their positions inside the gilt rail. After the rest of the party had passed, the baby, completely covered with cloth-of-gold, was borne in on a cushion by the Princess Kourakine. The trains of the Grand Duchesses were carried by pages. The service lasted over two hours, and all were obliged to stand. The Russian ladies were dressed in the national costume, which consists of a white silk or satin skirt, a low waist, long train,

and wide open sleeves of colored velvet, a train of the same color, and a veil attached to the tiara. The Grand Duchess Constantine wears the finest jewels. On this occasion she wore a train of pearl gray satin trimmed with bands of wide Russian sable, the fur studded with diamonds and fastened on one shoulder with an immense emerald.

"There was a great deal of chanting by the Metropolitan priests, and then the water in the font was blessed. The child was separated in some mysterious way from all his clothes and plunged into the font three times, head-first. His nose and eyes were covered by the Metropolitan Hand, but the '*August Nouveau-Né*' cried like any ordinary baby, and evidently did not like it at all. The Emperor stood as godfather. Holding a lighted candle he carried the baby three times around the font, accompanied by the Metropolitan and the godmother, also with candles, and the choir chanted solemnly. The Emperor passed a blue ribbon about the child's neck investing him with the order of St. Anthony, after which he was taken away, and appeared no more during the services."

IX.

ROYAL GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

WITH the living Royal Girls of England, the various biographies of their father and sister, the Queen's fondness for authorship and the diligent scribbling of many loyal pens, have made us comparatively well-acquainted.

We have had many glimpses of the Royal Nursery. We know that the Queen's children were carefully and severely educated, fed on the simplest food, made to take a great deal of systematic exercise, taught above all to respect "God, the Queen and the truth," very thoroughly trained in art, being all of them painters, sculptors and musicians, after the pattern of their accomplished father; and that only at seventeen or eighteen were they allowed to appear at a Drawing-Room, thus making their *entrée* into society, and being

introduced all at once to the glare and glitter, the fine clothes and the diamonds, the state banquets and the festivities, which before had been merely fairy tales to them.

Queen Victoria, except in the case of her youngest daughter, was not averse to early marriages for her young princes and princesses. She had experienced the happiness of an early love-match herself, and no doubt sought to save her daughters from the vicissitudes of the life of Royal Girls — one of which is the sometime peril of being married off for state reasons. Her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess, made the most ambitious of all the marriages and, fortunately, one of affection also. She will be Empress of Germany.

"Victoria, Princess Royal," married at eighteen to the Crown Prince of Germany, "Unser Fritz," is the plainest but cleverest of the Queen's daughters, a woman of remarkable mind which Bunsen helped to train. She has very original and independent ideas, and is a philosophical writer. It is said that she hates Bismarck and that when she becomes Empress his power will be ended. She was

a grandmother at thirty-eight, and has brought up her own daughters with the same industrious severity which marked her own youth.

The Princess Alice, the most lovable, was married at nineteen to Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse, and died in 1878. She has left us the records of her sad, but useful life; a story which painfully realizes the old saying, that Happiness is a rare guest in Palaces. She was the prettiest of the Queen's daughters in 1869.

The third daughter, Helena, was not pretty, but very good and amiable, and was married rather, it was said, by her mother's will than her own, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, a man much older than herself. This Prince has never been a favorite in England; but his wife, always called the "Princess Christian" by some curious law of court etiquette, is a great favorite, from a sort of homely "sonsy" good nature and a proclivity to preside at Fancy Bazaars — the English delighting in these semi-familiar glimpses of their Princesses.

Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was older than

H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

her sisters when she married, and was a great favorite in London society. She is said to be the most agreeable of all the Royal Girls. She is very handsome, very clever, and a fine artist in oils. Her marriage to a subject, the Marquis of Lorne, has led to many an awkward position for the husband, as he cannot walk over the crimson carpet which is laid down alone for Royalty; and so the husband and wife are a dozen times a week reminded of their difference of rank. It was whispered that this match was hurried on by the well-known attachment existing between her and the handsome tutor of one of her royal brothers; but Princesses must put their affections in their pockets, if they prove troublesome — they do not belong to themselves, but to the State.

Beatrice, the youngest and ninth child of the Queen, has been given up by her fond mother to the Prince Henry of Battenberg — a marriage said to be particularly disagreeable to the strong-minded Crown Princess, who has, it is also said, a very free way of "speaking her mind" to the Queen on many family subjects.

The Princess Beatrice is thought to have had a hard life — secluded and full of work. The Queen's nurse, companion, secretary, she has had but little of the liberty and but little of the pleasure which attended the lives of all her sisters. She was supposed to have loved the unfortunate Prince Imperial who was killed in Zululand; and the young Duke of Geneva, the Duke of Baden, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and her brother-in-law, Louis of Hesse, (a very poor character,) have all aspired to her hand.

But whatever have been the reflections of this very superior Royal Girl, she has hidden them behind a proud pale face, has done her duty uncomplainingly, has devoted herself untiringly to study, to music, the sciences and the arts. She has astonished the cleverest men by her mental ability, and in an artistic way she has gained a creditable place by her "Birthday Book." Although she was always dressed very simply when "off work," she is said to be fond of old lace, jewels, and of brocade and velvet. She herself says that she has a "Queen Elizabeth fondness for

fine clothes." She encourages Ireland by ordering many Irish poplins and all her linen from Irish shops. Her titles are Beatrice Marie Feodore, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Saxony, Member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert First Class, Lady of the Order of the Imperial Crown of India, and of the Royal Red Cross, Member of the Russian Order of St. Catherine, and "Dame Chevalière" of St. John of Jerusalem. What a proud array!

Yet this many-titled Princess on her visit to Aix-les-Bains, with the Queen, in 1884, showed all the modesty, the timidity almost, of a young country girl. The seclusion and the habit of reverence in which a Princess is bred, is conducive to this quiet and self-repressed manner. But to her *masseuse*, Charlotte, a Savoyard peasant who had been in her service (when she tried the baths a few years ago), she was *all* sweetness and kindness. She went with her to see her little black-eyed grandchild, and gave the baby a cloak wrought by her own hands. When she took walks in the old stone villages, where the little children still wear

the long black robes and white caps which we see in the pictures of Rembrandt, she took in her pocket little gold hearts and crosses on velvet ribbons — a decoration dear to the Savoyard — to give them in return for a glass of milk, and she had tops and penknives for the boys. They were not royal gifts, but they showed a good heart and a thorough breeding — that politeness which does not overwhelm one, but which encourages. It was a picture to see her with her Royal mother. She seemed to be listening, watching, breathing for the Queen; not in a fussy and irritating manner, but with the most genuine consideration. She would steal her hand into that of the Queen in church, hand her a fan, pull up her shawl, give her a cordial little smile.

She has made perhaps the least ambitious match of all the sisters, for Prince Henry of Battenberg is the son of a morganatic marriage and was an officer in a Prussian regiment, his pay only a few hundred dollars a year! But he is an intelligent, scholarly, well-behaved young Prince, a man of ambition and force of character. Let us hope that

he may be worthy of the Royal Girl who has set all other girls such an example of the noblest of virtues — daughterly devotion.

The Princesses, properly attended by ladies-in-waiting, have been allowed to go to the houses of the Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Westminster to balls and dinners, also to some other noble houses. They have danced, played lawn tennis, and have at Balmoral and Osborne House led the lives of happy gay girls, always however severely under the restrictions of rank. They all have had fine physical training. They can shoot, row, give a good pull at a salmon, direct the flying arrow, send the lawn tennis ball straight, use the modelling tool and the graver as well as wield the paint brush and the pencil, and are free and fearless riders.

Their duties have been principally to their Royal mother. They always stand near her at the Presentations, and are present with her at the Opening of Parliament. The description given by General Grant of his dinner at Windsor was, that he did not sit next the Queen as he had expected, but

that the Princess Beatrice sat between them. The Duke of Edinburgh sat on the other side of his Royal mother, separating her from Mrs. Grant. The Queen talked across the Prince and Princess to her guests.

Whatever else these Royal Girls think, they believe the Prince of Wales to be infallible. "Wales" said this, or did that — it is enough. He is most beloved, most revered by all of them — and then — he will be their King! It must have cost the Princess Beatrice a great deal to marry, not having his good favor. He perhaps thought that the youngest daughter of the Queen, the peerless Beatrice, should have made a better match. The Prince has noble manners, full of reverence for character, intellect and age. "When I feel disposed to blame His Royal Highness for frivolity," said an English lady, "I am always disarmed by his courtesy to old Lady Sophia Macnamara" — who is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

One of the privileges of being an American, in Europe, is this; any one who is respectable and who can command the attention of his Minister, can be

presented at Court. This is not a pleasure which is at the beck and call of young girls of any country but our own. Certain grades of society are absolutely excluded in Europe on account of mere hereditary prejudice against certain professions and occupations from ever being presented at any Court.

But on arriving in London an American girl is almost sure, if she wishes it, and her mother or chaperon knows how to achieve it, to have the honor of kissing the Queen's hand — and a very beautiful little hand it is. If the young lady's mother has been presented, then there is no trouble at all. The mother has but to write a note to the Lord Chamberlain informing him of her intention to be present at the next Drawing-Room, and mentioning her desire to present her daughter. The Lord Chamberlain sends her two cards which she must fill out on the vacant spaces with the desired information — name and address — and must sign them with her own name. These cards should be left at the Lord Chamberlain's office within three or four days of that on which the

Drawing-Room is to be held, in order that the list of the names of ladies to be presented may be duly submitted for Her Majesty's approval. Two other cards must be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain's office the day previous to the Drawing-Room which must be filled in according to the form of the statements required — the name of the lady presented and the name of the lady by whom the presentation is to be made, and these cards are taken to the Palace on the day of the Drawing-Room by the lady who is presented, and are given by her — the one to the page in the ante-room, and the other to the usher at the entrance of the Throne-Room, by whom it is handed to the Lord Chamberlain who then announces the names to Her Majesty.

If the young lady who desires to be presented has no mother, or if her mother has not been presented, or does not wish to go to Court, she must depend upon the wife of her Minister, or on the friendship of some lady at the English Court.

The dress prescribed for this ceremonial is always low necked, with a long train, three or four

yards long. For débutantes this dress must be white. A girl wears two white feathers in her hair and a white tulle veil or lace lappets. She can have her whole dress made for her in Paris or London, by the Court dressmaker, and afterwards it will make her two dresses.

Drawing-Rooms are held generally about two o'clock. The Queen stays in the Throne-Room only an hour when the lovely gracious Princess of Wales takes her place. As both ladies, and all the Royal Princesses stand, it is very fatiguing to them. And it is enormously fatiguing to the persons presented.

On passing through the ante-room crowded with ladies in full dress — a splendid sight — the train of her dress, which she has carried over her arm and which makes her very nervous is let down and a gentleman in attendance spreads it out for her and she walks into the adjoining apartment to the presence of Royalty.

The Queen, a little woman in black, with a long white veil, and splendid jewels, the Order of the Garter crossing her breast from right to left, stands

surrounded by her handsome group of daughters and at her right hand the Princess of Wales who is a very stately handsome woman and makes a fine figure on these occasions, as everywhere.

The lady presented kisses the Queen's hand. She has already removed her own glove in the ante-room and she places her own hand beneath that of Her Majesty. She curtesies deeply while kissing hands. When the Princess of Wales takes Her Majesty's place at a Drawing-Room a lady on presentation would not kiss her hand but would curtesy. American girls should learn to curtesy well, as it is the universal form of salutation abroad.

Now comes the tug of war! How to get out of the Royal presence without treading on one's train, stumbling and falling — that is the question! A lady must leave "the presence" stepping backward, from curtesy to curtesy, facing the Royal party, making her exit from the apartment. She finds a friendly usher has cared for her train, and has placed it over her arm as she leaves the room.

Generally this presentation entitles the pre-

sentee to an invitation to either of the State Balls or Concerts given at Buckingham Palace during the season; still this is not invariably the case.

Ladies who have been presented do not leave a card, but they drive to Buckingham Palace and record their names in Her Majesty's visiting book. They must, if the Princess of Wales holds the Drawing-Room, drive to Marlboro House and write their names in her book.

Thus it will be seen what etiquette and ceremony "doth hedge a queen."

But this is not "going to Court." A Court is a reception held by Her Majesty, and persons attend it by command of Her Majesty only. One or two Courts are held each year, generally before Easter. The leading members of the aristocracy, the diplomatic body, the Prémier, and Members of the Cabinet are invited. It is the Queen's private party. Very few Americans are ever invited to this English Court.

Now it may not happen to many an American girl to be asked to Windsor Castle, but it has happened to some; she may be asked there to dine.

The Royal dinner parties are formed on a different pattern from private ones, inasmuch as the hostess arrives last. All the invited guests assemble in the long drawing-room at eight o'clock; a few minutes afterwards the Queen and the Princess Beatrice enter. This is as it was in 1883–4.

The Queen walks around and speaks to her guests. She then precedes them into the Royal dining-room which is magnificent, with high vaulted roof, pictures, gilding and grandeur, a gold service on the table — indeed the display of gold plate at Windsor is marvellous and deserves a separate chapter. She seats herself, with one of her children on either side; the guests follow according to rank.

Now how does the Queen invite us to dinner? A Royal Messenger is sent with the note, written by Sir Henry Ponsonby, or by some other gentleman-in-waiting, who tells the guest that the Queen is pleased to command his presence at dinner, on such a day, at Windsor Castle. All other invitations must make way before this; this is a Royal Command.

As we have said, Royalty is always punctual. The Queen forgives any crime sooner than that of being kept waiting. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the other members of the family, are punctual to the minute. At Balmoral she insists rigidly upon the eight o'clock breakfast, and fresh breakfasts are not ordered for sleepy after-arrivals.

How our English cousins abuse us for our lack of punctuality, and the light manner in which we treat dinner invitations! An American gentleman long resident in London complains bitterly. He says he gets up a fine dinner for his country people, he invites some distinguished persons to meet them, and five minutes before dinner he gets a letter, running somewhat in this fashion: "So sorry, but have just came in from Whitby, very tired — cannot come to dinner; will drop in some other day."

Now as dinner is an Englishman's religion, as he regards an acceptance to a dinner party as sacred, so sacred that it has been said he should go if he is alive, and if he dies suddenly he should appoint some one to go in his place in his will —

what do they think of us Americans? Simply that we are very queer people.

But to return to the Royal dinner party. Those who know the Queen well, say that she is very agreeable in her own house. It is etiquette to allow her to start the subject of conversation. She, and she alone, must take the initiative — but after that she likes to hear her guests talking around her. A lady who had lived twenty-five years near her, the wife of one of her chaplains, said of Her Majesty that her conversation was always agreeable; that she was fond of humor and had a hearty laugh, that she, however, had a keen sense of her personal dignity — and that if she thought any one was infringing it, she drew up her small figure and her lip curled!

Sir Arthur Helps, however, told a different story. Sitting low down the table, he describes the members of the household as chatting and laughing, when the Queen — looking grimly at them — remarked, "We are not amused!" which must have had a cooling effect.

At Aix-les-Bains, where the Queen was supposed

to be incognito, this same royal state was kept up, as to the consideration with which she was treated. She would send for an official or a distinguished Doctor, to visit her, lead the conversation, and suggest by rising when it was time for them to depart.

Like all Royalties, the Princesses of England all write a beautiful letter. The Queen is said to be very particular in the matter of writing letters of condolence.

There is a great sense of the value of a note in England. If an American girl writes a pretty note expressing thanks for civilities offered to her all the family call on her and thank her for her politeness. It is to be feared that in this latter piece of good breeding we are behind our English cousins. An elegant epistolary style, a fine handwriting, the ease and flow of correspondence — all this is a part of the careful education of English girls. An English woman writes and receives notes all day long and it is absolutely an art; her plain strong, cream-colored or gray paper, her sealing wax and faultless seal, the address, the superscription, the date — all are matters of consideration.

No American girl who respects herself will annoy her Minister or her friends on the subject of a presentation at Court. If she sends in her name, and tries the dignified and proper means, and succeeds, all is well. But if she fail, as she may because of a pressure on his very few permissions, she should not blame him. Mr. Motley, Mr. Pier pont, General Dix, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Astor, had doubtless many stories to tell of their disaffected fellow countrywomen who have wished to be presented but who have been disappointed.

But the Court of England has seen some very good specimens of American girls. Miss Harriet Lane was a great favorite there when her uncle Mr. Buchanan was Minister, and the Queen and the Princesses speak highly of American beauty. The daughters of Mr. Motley were much liked at Windsor, and we could enumerate many other instances of well-bred and well-received American girls. Would that we had no story to tell of vulgar, gushing, ill-bred girls! of those who have disgraced the name by fast, or loud, or undignified conduct.

X.

THOSE ROYAL GIRLS AT SANDRINGHAM.

THERE was a picture displayed in London, in June, 1880, which gave great pleasure to loyal Londoners, and to all who like to see the amiable side of Royalty. It was that of the Princess of Wales with her three daughters, their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, together with the Princess, Mary Adelaide, of Cambridge, a cousin of the Queen, now Duchess of Teck, with her children one of whom is said to be the prettiest royal maiden in Europe, and represented them as they attended at a special Floral Service held at Berkeley Chapel. The church was overflowing with a congregation of children, each child presenting a bouquet of flowers at the altar rails until the whole chancel was filled with a mass of rare blossoms.

The effect of the slow altar music, the current of sweet young faces, and the fragrance and beauty of the flowers, at this Service was most impressive. Some of the children were flushed with excitement, others pale with nervousness, while many assumed a calmness and dignity which was almost amusing. The Service included a Children's Litany, and at its conclusion the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore delivered an address from the text, "*The flowers appear on earth, and the time of singing birds has come.*" After the Service the flowers were taken to hospitals for sick children, the little Princesses being allowed to drive to the London Hospital to leave their flowers, all London looking on.

All England is interested in the Royal Girls at Sandringham, the children of their future King. No American, until he sees it, can realize what Royalty signifies to a loyal Englishman. It means country, home, and the safety of his own children. He sees in these young girls the reflex of his own beloved daughters growing up about him, and the children who assisted at the Flower Service, a beautiful ceremony, will all always feel that they

have an acquaintance with these Royal Girls, whom they see with their beautiful mother flashing by in the Royal carriages. The English people know the Princess of Wales to be a very sensible mother as well as a most gracious lady. Even the English Radicals can discover nothing to find fault with in the Princess of Wales, and during her visit in Ireland she won the warm hearts of the Irish.

The eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales is named Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar. She was born February 20, 1867. Victoria Alexandra Olga Marie comes next, born July 6, 1868, and the youngest Princess, Maude Charlotte Marie Victoria, was born in November, 1869; so they are very near of an age, and the eldest then nineteen, was the oldest bridesmaid at the wedding of her Royal Aunt Beatrice.

What has been the home life of these children "born in the purple" do you ask? In the household of a great Prince, there are of course servants and servants. The little baby has a nurse, and an under-nurse, and a dresser, and two other attend-

ants. She is carefully watched and a bulletin of her health sent daily to the Queen, and a thousand great ladies and noble lords are interested in the announcement of her baby ailments. A Duchess makes a low curtesy when she enters the Royal Nursery, to the unconscious little thing; and as the children grow up they are treated by all, outside of their nearest kin, as if they were something better than human clay. It is, to an American, a surprising sight to see this perpetual bending of the knee to a little child or a youth.

It is due to the Prince of Wales to say that he has seen the danger of this homage, and adulation, this over-worship, and he is trying to arrest its effect in the education of his children. He provides them with simple pleasures, environs them, as far as possible, with rural life. He romps and plays with them, he lets them follow and peep in at the grand dinners; they play with the Queen far more freely than her own children were permitted to do. Lady Ely, who is a very intimate friend of the Queen and always taking care of her, declares that she is frightened when the young grandchildren come to

H. R. H. LOUISE, OF WALES.

see the Queen, for after their first deep curtesy they all "lay hold of grandmamma" and pull her about. She describes the Princess Maude as most like the Queen, and naturally, a great friend of her august relative, as "they see themselves in each other's eyes." They like to go to the Tower, "like any other little girls," and were great friends with Jumbo, the famous elephant who was killed in this country. Indeed, so much did they like Jumbo, that Princess Maude, who is said to inherit a great deal of her Grandma's authoritative disposition, wrote an autograph letter to the owner of Jumbo, forbidding his selling her favorite beast to "the American."

The Princesses have lived largely at the country estate at Sandringham, preferring it to the more courtly state of things at Marlborough House. All English people have an unaffected love of the country and of animals. All English ladies like to go out with their dogs and horses, and their donkey carts, and their children, into the beautiful woods all carpeted with wild flowers. Never were there such primroses and purple hyacinths and violets, as

in the woods about Sandringham. Here these Royal children have been free to frolic, and here they have been allowed to go and see the cottagers and carry them comforts, and to help their mother establish some clean comfortable homes for her poor folk, down at Newton, where she has a school and church for the laborers on the estate. They are very fond too of visiting the Southdowns and Devons, and the pigs, and the champion sheep, for the Prince is a model farmer, and the young Princesses and Princes are very fond of the rustic picnics at the houses of the farmers. They have been trained to be horsemen and horsewomen, like the Queen's own family. They have been used to the saddle always. They follow their mother in her rambles on their ponies; owing to a lame knee the Princess rides on the "wrong side of the saddle," as we should say. They follow the hounds twice a week. Then they have special pets to enjoy and to care for. They have a delightful pair of tigers and two elephants, all their own, which the Prince brought home from India, and they have grouse preserves, and pouter pigeons and no end

of dogs. With all this, plain dressing and plain living is the rule, and there does seem to be every chance that these Royal young people may grow up with natural, fine, unfettered natures, if such a thing can be made possible in a Royal household.

They have always kept early hours, being up at five o'clock in summer, and dressed in flannel suits for calisthenics. They breakfast on plain food and have an early dinner at two. They are very carefully taught in music, and required to obey their governess. They have a talent for languages, and enjoy going to see their grandmother in Denmark, because they can talk "Danish." Royal girls never go to school of course, but they have no end of teachers, and lessons. Charming as are the Prince and Princess with their children, they are by no means indulgent. When Prince George was reputed as neglecting his studies at the naval school, the Prince sent word that he was to be disgraced, exactly like any other student, if he fell behind.

A lady who had lived long at Windsor de-

scribes the daily life of these young Royal Girls as very much like that of other people, except that they are *far more industrious*, kept more closely up to fifteen; at that age they are allowed a glimpse of the magnificent life which is all around them, are thenceforth trained carefully in etiquette and the observances of royal courtesy. Presently they are allowed to go to the Royal dinner-table, then to a Drawing Room, and so on. Each is always accompanied by her governess, later on by her companion who is generally French.

The children of the Princess have always been allowed to come in to afternoon tea at Sandringham to be petted by the guests and to listen to an account of the day's sport; and both father and mother used often to be found in company with the children at their lessons or their sports. When General Grant was in England, there was a great trouble raised about his rank. As an ex-President, he had no rank. The Prince of Wales frankly wrote to Mr. Pierrepont our Minister, that we gave an ex-President no rank, and how could he? Yet he wished to be most polite to the great

THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND MAUD, OF WALES.

soldier whom he admired, and he asked him to dinner. The Emperor of Brazil was at the dinner; it would not do in that circle to have any doubt as to precedence before such a Royalty as that. So when General Grant arrived, the Prince was in the ante-room playing with his children, as if by accident, and he stayed there some time, talking with the General and Mrs. Grant and introducing the children, and then the American guests walked on into the Grand room. They did not see the Prince or Princess again until twenty minutes later, when the Royal pair appeared, walking down the room escorting the Emperor and Empress. Nor did they see or speak to them again until they went away, when the Princess appeared in the ante-room and bade good-by to Mrs. Grant. This will present some idea of the difficulties of dinner-giving in England where everybody is seated according to rank. It shows the good heart of the Prince of Wales that he received General Grant into the pleasant circle of his children before assuming that necessary, that inevitable court etiquette which bound him to take in the Empress of Brazil, nor

seem to see the modest soldier who held no rank until he was ready to smoke after dinner.

The ladies who have been nearest the Queen have always liked the Prince of Wales, who was a very amiable boy, and this trait seems to have descended to his children; the old laborers have many a pretty story of how Albert Victor Christian Edward, who if he lives will ascend the throne as Edward VII., remembered them all with little gifts, when he came home from his three years cruise; and they tell how the Princess Louise, she of the gentle heart, sorrowing over the death of a pet bird, concluded to hallow her grief by giving each little cottager a pair of her best canaries, and she carried them to each cottage with her own hands. They tell of the escapades of the boys and of the gentleness of the girls, with that loyalty and pleasure which shows that there is a genuine love and pleasure in their devotion to the "Master" as they call the Prince, and to his gracious lovely kindly wife. As the elder girls have grown to be young ladies, there has a sweet dignity taken the place of their girlish rather romping spirit. Princess Louise of

Wales is quite old enough, according to Queen Victoria's ethics, to be married. It is said she is betrothed to Prince Oscar of Sweden, but the Princess of Wales has held tenderly to her eldest and still begs for a few more years of her delightful companionship. This eldest princess has the most talent, it is said, Victoria the most energy and "temper" — she is a great favorite with her father — while Maud is the prettiest and most clever. None of her children are so beautiful as the Princess herself; but they are fair, clean, healthy-looking young Anglo-Saxons, and the effect of her charm is upon them. She has had them taught all the useful arts, and likes to sit and sew with them. Probably very few such women as the Princess of Wales has ever been lifted into "the great white light which beats upon a throne." Without being intellectual, she seems to have all the gifts and graces and has brought up her young brood with remarkable skill.

The young Princesses are considered young ladies when they reach the age of "confirmation." This occurs usually when they are sixteen, and then they are given jewelry suitable to their age,

wear long dresses, have the hair dressed close to the head, are allowed to come to dinner with their parents, and to indulge in the pleasures proper to their age. All through their youth they associate with the children of the higher nobility, and on occasion of a birthday, or any festivity, are allowed to pay visits.

Of course a visit of a Royal personage to any house is always an occasion of ceremony, although the geniality and sociability of the Prince and Princess of Wales, makes this honor much less onerous than it was in the early days of the Queen who made "Royal Progresses." The noblemen who are asked, with their families, to Marlborough House, are privileged to invite the Prince and Princess, and the circle of guests invited to meet them is always laid before his Royal Highness. It is not considered etiquette to invite those who are unknown to his Royal Highness, unless they are foreigners of distinction and repute. Sometimes the Prince suggests who shall be invited.

When a Royal visit is paid to a country-house it usually commences on Tuesday and lasts until

Saturday, and a programme is arranged as follows: Wednesday and Thursday the best coverts are to be shot, Friday a lawn meet, if possible, and a hunt breakfast, and a ball either Thursday or Friday evening, as the case may be. A suite of rooms is specially prepared for the Royal guests with a boudoir for the Princess, and a sitting-room for the Prince. The host meets his guests at the railway station with carriages for the Royal party, and the hostess and ladies staying in the house receive the "Royalties" in the hall. The Prince and Princess shake hands with the hostess, and with those with whom they are acquainted; the others curtesy, or bow. It rather depends upon the length of the journey and the consequent fatigue of the Princess, whether she has tea in her own apartment or in that of her hostess. She is always asked which. When the Royal visitors enter the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner is served, the assembled guests rise and remain standing until Royalty is seated. If dinner is announced immediately the party proceeds — the host preceding with the Princess, the hostess

following with the Prince. On leaving the dining-room the hostess bows to the Princess, the ladies remain standing until the Princess has passed; then follow to the drawing-room and remain standing until Royalty is seated. It is not etiquette to address the Prince and Princess unless first addressed by them, although this etiquette is very much relaxed by the easy-going Prince.

If the Prince desires to dance with any lady present at the ball given him in a country house his equerry would inform her of his wish and conduct her to him. In town when a ball is given to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, it is customary to submit the ball-list to them for their approval and to place a certain number of invitations at their disposal.

With this etiquette and attention and state and formality will the Royal Girls of Sandringham be treated all their lives. No wonder that Royalties sometimes like to retire to quiet corners where they are not known, and where they can enjoy an incognito.

The first public appearance of the young Prin-

cesses was at the wedding of Princess Beatrice, where we read that the group of bridesmaids was charming. The two eldest were Princess Louise of Wales and Princess Irene of Hesse (daughter of the Princess Alice). They wore their hair in simple plaits at the back of the head, the other eight more youthful nieces of the bride, wore theirs in long cascades down their back, each fine chevalure being tied with a simple ribbon bow. The dresses of the bridesmaids were chosen for them by the Princess of Wales, and were models of simplicity. There were ten of these Royal Girls, ranging from nineteen down to seven, all grandchildren of the Queen. Their dresses were of palest ivory mousselin de soie, embroidered all over in a small pattern, not a fragment of ribbon about them. This soft fabric was made over soft Duchesse satin with just a kilting round the edge scarcely discernible through eight flounces of Mechlin lace with an orange blossom pattern. The scarves were very neatly folded round the hips, and fell behind in graceful, but not bouffant drapery. The sleeves were very pretty, made of lengths of the lace and

finished off below the elbow by a single frill and ruching. The little children, instead of the pointed corsages, had square high-necked waists, and scarves.

The bridegroom's present to each of the Princesses was a small enamelled brooch with a monogram of his own and his wife's initials.

XI.

SOME ROYAL GIRLS OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor and Empress of Germany have passed their golden wedding, and they see before and behind them a long procession of Royal Girls. They have, like Queen Victoria, several great-grandchildren, and have lived, like her, to "put their ear to the confessional of posterity."

Almost every Royal Family in Europe boasts a German Princess as mother, sister, or bride. The late Empress of Russia was one. She was Maximikenne Wilhelmine Augusta Sophie Marie, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse. She was born in 1824. She was married to Alexander II. (the murdered Czar) in 1841, admitted to the Greek Church under the name of Marie Alexandrovna, and her husband succeeded to the throne in 1855; she died June 3, 1880. She was

a woman of great culture, and of religious fanaticism. She never recovered from the death of her son the Czarovitch Nicolas, at Cannes in 1865, and sorrow followed her always. Meeting an American gentleman, in 1855, she amazed him by her command of English; he said to her, "Your Majesty speaks it better than I do."

She replied, "I was a German Princess, and I had to learn Russian. After that everything was easy, and beside that I was taught four languages from my cradle."

All German Princesses are expected to marry crowned heads; therefore their education is especially cosmopolitan. The late Duchesse d' Orleans, mother of the Count de Paris, was a Princess of Mecklenburg, and a book of her letters, written to her tutor, was most admirable and worth looking into as an elucidation of what German Princesses ought to learn. Fontenelle's book, *A Plurality of Worlds*, a volume of astronomical conversations, was written for a German Princess. Professor Euler wrote a book on mathematics for another German Princess.

The House of Hohenzollern, now on the throne, has always been distinguished for the excellence of its women. The mother of the present Emperor, the beautiful Queen Louise who answered Napoleon with such sweetness when he offered her a rose that he determined to give her back her Fortress of Magdeburg, is still the idol of the Prussians.

The Empress of Germany, now a very old woman, is trundled about in a chair, but she has still ardent friends, passionate admirers, and bitter detractors, so we can be assured that she has a great deal of character. She is learned and literary. She has always been a good woman. Her heart is excellent. Her *want of tact* (or as her friends put it, her scorn of diplomacy) has, however, always interfered with her popularity. She had but one daughter, the Grand Duchesse de Baden.

Her son, the Crown Prince, married the Princess Royal of England who, as we have said before, is a woman of universal attainments. She writes political memoirs, keeps up a correspondence with

philosophers, is a sculptor, a painter, composes sonnets, makes architectural plans, has "ideas." A recent writer in *The Magazine of Art* says of her: "Having studied like a student, the Crown Princess now paints as an artist. The powers of the Princess Royal have long been acknowledged in Germany, upon the art of which country she has had great and lasting influence. In 1860 she was elected Member of the Berlin Academy, where she has constantly exhibited. Painting admirably, as she does, in landscape, portraiture, and still-life, it is perhaps in her portraits that she excels." She dislikes society, and occupies herself much with the study of European politics. She is the mother of many children, and will be Empress of Germany. She and the great Bismarck are at sword's points, and it is said that she and her royal mother-in-law do not always approve of each other. But she is a good wife and mother, and goes off on sketching tours to Italy, with her daughter, whom she brings up very simply, after the fashion of her own Royal mother, Queen Victoria.

The Prince William, her oldest son, has married

an exceedingly interesting German Princess. He is intelligent, brave, hot-headed, but with a "heart of gold," sympathetic, impulsive, vivacious, popular with all classes. The German people say of him that he is the reproduction of his beloved great-great-grandmother, the Queen Louise of Prussia. He is the most successful of the Hohenzollerns, and more popular than his scholarly father, the Crown Prince, who, it is said, has cold manners, and cannot readily come to a decision, and is thought to be too much under the rule of his wife, the dominant Princess Victoria of England. So it comes about that the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany already are less talked of than their young son and daughter-in-law, who is the Princess Augusta Victoria Amelia Louise Marie Constance, a Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, of that disinherited branch whose honors all went to the King of Denmark. She is a true little German housewife, was brought up in poverty and retirement, though a grand-niece of Queen Victoria, but her marriage was one of real affection, and such a Princess is exactly the woman the Germans love.

If the German Royal Family were to be deprived of its inheritance (which does not look probable at this moment), the Crown Prince declares that he could earn his living by his skill as a turner, while that popular eldest son of his is an excellent amateur carpenter. The Princess Augusta Louise Marie Constance could cook admirably for them, while doubtless her Royal mother-in-law, Victoria of England, could teach the arts and the sciences and the philosophies for the whole family.

The Crown Prince of Germany and his wife live either at Berlin or Potsdam. The eldest of their daughters, Princess Victoria Charlotte of Prussia, is married to the heir of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. She is a very interesting and clever woman, and highly educated, and a great favorite with her Royal grandmother, Queen Victoria. These Royal Girls, and their cousins, the daughters of the Princess Alice of Hesse, have received the same self-denying and assiduous education which was given to their Royal mothers before them. The Princess Alice of Hesse was so devoted a mother, as you know, that she absolutely

killed herself nursing one of her children through diphtheria. Her marriage was not happy, nor has the marriage of her daughter, the Grand Duchess Sergius, proved happy. This young woman (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse) has just sued for a separation, her husband having heaped upon her insults of the gravest nature. She is fair, winning, gifted, the most brilliant and accomplished of all the Queen's grandchildren, with beauty of so fragile and delicate a type that they call her a "*crowned Ophelia.*" She has become an authoress.

Her mother, the late lamented Princess Alice, offended the people of Hesse-Darmstadt by her remarkable economy, and her observance of the English Sunday. She would not allow the opera to be played in Darmstadt on Sunday, to the great vexation of the citizens and also of thousands of Frankforters who used weekly to arrive in the city (for the sake of the excellent opera) by the Sunday afternoon train. In spite of her noble beneficence, she rigidly abstained from expending her English-paid revenue upon the Germans; it was regularly placed in a London bank, where it

remained for her daughters. Perhaps realizing what a worthless husband she had, she chose to thus provide for her daughters. The Princess Royal of England, Crown Princess of Germany, of whom we have already spoken as a woman of ideas, shares, it is thought, in the advanced opinions of the German philosophers — the Princess Alice certainly did — yet her daughters are all baptized and confirmed in the Church, German Lutheran, and have in their visits to England the instructions of Bishops of the English Church. They are all very fond of sketching, of horseback exercise, and are prodigious walkers. None of them are very handsome, but all pretty blonde girls.

The imperial court of Berlin is stiff, formal and abounding with etiquette. Yet Americans are received there with great respect, and there is but little difficulty in being presented. This is owing to the fact that we have a large and warm sympathy with the German nation in the matter of universal liberty, and through our scholars and musicians. We have also been very happy in our ministers there. Mr. Bancroft won

the affections of the Emperor, and received from him his portrait. The large American Colony living at Berlin and Dresden are often allowed to come to Court and to join in the Court festivities.

But the Empress does not admit any strangers to her intimacy. She gives grand concerts, every Thursday in Lent, to which society is invited in turns, but she is simply wheeled in, and wheeled out, in her invalid chair. Yet she likes society, and cannot dispense with it. She has five or six persons to pass the evenings at the palace five or six times a week, and the Emperor always drops in.

But there is a Royal Girl amongst these German Princesses who deserves an especial mention. As the daughter of the blind King of Hanover, her devotion to her father caused remark even in a family who have always loved their relatives. After his death, this high-born lady, cousin to Queen Victoria, announced her intention to marry the Baron von Panel Rammingen, which marriage gave great offence to the German connections.

The history of this love affair which is full of romance was this: For many years the bridegroom was aide-de-camp and private secretary of the late blind King George of Hanover, to whom he devoted himself with the tenderness of a woman, sharing with the Princess Frederica the most constant watchfulness over the poor blind, helpless monarch who was one of the victims of Bismarck's pitiless policy when he devised a "united Germany." It was while preforming this labor of love that the affection between him and the Princess commenced. She refused many brilliant alliances, and he many flattering offers of service and position. The Baron von Panel Rammingen was for some time a student of the college at Coburg, and he had a strong belief in the dynasty of the house of Hanover. For the loyalty of his devotion he was impeached for high treason by the Prussian authorities. He cannot enter any portion of the German territories without being subject to arrest. Queen Victoria, however, powerfully advocated the marriage of the devoted Frederica to the man of her choice, the proscribed Baron, and the

wedding took place at Windsor Castle. The Queen gave her India shawls, jewels, silver and a magnificent wedding dress of silver brocade, the flounce and veil of Irish lace. The Princess and her Baron live at Coburg and are very happy on fifteen thousand a year.

Another equally independent Royal Girl is the Princess Pauline of Würtemberg, who is related to all the Royal families of Europe. She fell in love with a young physician, Dr. Willem, who was in attendance on the Dowager Duchess of Carlsruhe in Upper Silesia. The King of Würtemberg, after vain remonstrances, decided to allow her to marry the man of her choice on condition of her assuming the name and title of Fraülein von Kirkbach, and she was immediately dropped from the rôle of Royalties, and is as effectually banished from Royal circles as if she had committed a great crime. But she is said to be very happy.

In America, where we always marry for love, or ought to, this ostracism which follows a woman of high rank who marries beneath her station is hard to understand, but if we once see a Royal

Court, we comprehend the power of old-world etiquette.

A recent writer on Royalty says that nothing strikes a stranger more than the "German quality of the British Royal family. The Queen has only had three English ancestors in four hundred years. Her children look like Germans, speak German in the family, speak English with a German accent. Their ideas of their own consequence are German, and their etiquette is that of a German Court."

So when we go back to Germany and find an English Princess at the head of affairs we see that Royalty is merely a network of one family. Yet the German nation over which this English Princess will soon be called to reign is a very different country from England. She will have to face a number of elements — the Socialistic, the Romantic, the Musical, the Warlike, and the Learned Germans — metaphysical philosophers — and also a very curious society just below the Court circles of the professors, the army officers, the judges, and lawyers, and the officers of the government, who are homely in the extreme, socially.

There seem many peculiarities, to us and to the student of elegant manners all over the world, in the German family. They will invite you to supper of cold venison and a salad, with stewed cherries and cheese. But the young girl of the family sits down and plays beautifully on the piano, and then her father talks learnedly of Wagner, of politics, of Bismarck, of Shakespeare, of Goethe or of Emmanuel Kant. It is the country of plain living and high thinking, although the Royal life at Berlin is of itself, of course, splendid. The military reviews are unsurpassed in Europe, yet the daily life of the officers is plain in the extreme.

A very pretty story is told of the nuptials of the young Princess Augusta Victoria (the little German housewife) and Prince William. She wore a wreath of myrtle leaves and blossoms, myrtle planted by the beloved Queen Louise of Prussia seventy-five years ago. It was suggested to the young bride that of the hymn to be sung in the chapel a verse should be omitted, because of its allusion to evil days; but she said no, that neither she nor Prince Frederic William expected or

desired to always rest on roses, but were willing to meet whatever trials God sent them. Her commands were obeyed and the verse was sung:

If a hard lot doth await us
Give us strength to bear it, Jesus!
Grant that we in worst of days
No complaint of burdens raise.

This charming Princess has four children; they are, of course, the great-grandchildren of the Emperor, who is said by all who see him to be the most wonderful old man in all the world, the most popular King among his people. Apart from his military successes, he is amiable, benevolent, and paternal; he effaces himself behind Bismarck in everything but in military matters.

It is strange that none of the ladies of his family, his Empress, his daughter-in-law, or his granddaughter, like Bismarck who has made for them their great Empire.

XII.

TWO ROYAL WIDOWS.

IN our reviews of the different Courts of Europe, we have been neglectful, perhaps, of France, where have lived and reigned some of the most notable women of history. The Salic law, which was designed to prevent women from reigning in France, has been perpetually upset by the dominant women who have always really reigned by the influence they have so pronouncedly wielded over the men who were the "likeness of a kingly crown." "Women, from Frédégonde to Josephine, have protested against this unrighteous law," says Arsène Houssaye.

Perpetually disturbed, the sceptre of Royalty perpetually wrested from its hereditary kings, France has now no Royal House, excepting those Orleans Princes, now in exile. But one alien

woman, for twenty years, filled the throne of Blanche of Castile, with certainly a queenly grace, although not born to a throne — Eugénie, Empress of the French, now a sad and childless widow, living in the near neighborhood, in the constant companionship of the Queen of England, and under her protection. This fact alone should prove to the world that Eugénie is entitled to respect. For no woman in the world is more particular as to *character* than Queen Victoria.

The story of Eugénie reads like a fairy tale. Almost might she say, with Daniel Defoe: "I knew too much of the world to expect good of it, and have learned to value it too little to be concerned at the evil. I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of Providences. . . . No man has tasted different fortunes more. . . . In the school of affliction, I have learnt more philosophy than at the Academy."

In January, 1853, it was announced to the French people that their new Emperor, Louis Napoleon, intended to marry Eugénie Montijo, a

celebrated beauty. It was rumored that the Emperor had sought in vain the hand of more than one European Princess, but that his throne, set up within a few weeks, was not considered stable enough for an eligible connection. The world eagerly inquired who was this celebrated beauty who was willing to share this splendid but dangerous elevation.

Her lineage was this: The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, in Scotland, had amongst their many cousins one Thomas Kirkpatrick, who went late in the last century to Sweden; there he married a lady of rank, and went thence to Spain as the Swedish consul at Malaga. This gentleman's daughter married the Count de Montijo, who succeeded to the family honors, as a Grandee of Spain, and became the father of Eugénie, and of another daughter who became the Duchess of Alba — her husband was later Spanish ambassador to Paris. This estate of Closeburn in Scotland has derived a magic lustre from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and in *The Lord of the Isles* owns this stanza:

Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;

Afterwards in a note, the author describes Kirkpatrick of Closeburn seconding Bruce in despatching some enemies. The Empress still bears on her seal, as one of her quarterings, the bloody dagger of the Kirkpatrick with the motto, "I mak' sickeo," or "I make sure." It was to the elevation of her sister to the high post of Spanish Ambassadrice to France, that Eugénie owed her own rise.

Fifteen years after his marriage the Emperor Napoleon wrote a pamphlet about his wife, giving her credit for all her successes. He says in that, "Mademoiselle Montijo was powerfully attracted by the early career of Prince Louis. After the *coup d'état*, she recommended herself to the favorable regard of the President, by offering to place her whole fortune at his disposal." When his married life was drawing to its close, the Emperor wrote of her virtues with enthusiasm: "She was pious without being bigoted, well-informed without being pedantic — she discussed in a charming

manner with men of authority, the most difficult economical and financial questions. She engaged with activity in manifold works of benevolence. She had on two occasions exercised the Regency with moderation, political tact, and justice."

We introduce these testimonials from him who knew her best, because the character of Eugénie was destined to suffer much at the hands of those who knew her least. All Royalty, with the exception of the proudest sovereign of them all, was against her. The Queen of England and Prince Albert early and late were her friends. All of aristocratic France was of course against her — a Spanish beauty of no lineage that could approximate to Royalty elevated to the throne! She became the centre of all sorts of coarse, uncomplimentary epigrams, and her slightest action was distorted by the press. She was called "the slave of the Priests, the patroness of bull-fights," her character was attacked, and, excepting that she was an acknowledged beauty and the leader of fashion, history of that time has no good word for Eugénie. She was, later on, accused of being

the originator of the Mexican treachery toward Maximilian, and of the German war. But if she had not been a very good wife and mother, had she not been amiable and charitable, she would have been dethroned long before she was. Eugénie has lived to hear herself defended by the very people who were her chief detractors in France, and she has warm friends in Paris who now tell of her reign as a period fortunate for France.

But to return to her early happiness. In 1855, the Emperor and Empress were invited to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle. The splendid suite of apartments in which the Rubens, the Zuccarelli and the Vandyke rooms are included, were set apart for the Imperial guests. The Queen writes: "I advanced and embraced the Emperor, who received two salutes from me on either cheek, having first kissed my hand. I next embraced the very gentle, graceful, exceedingly nervous Empress." What a moment for Mademoiselle Montijo! No one born in the purple ever looked her part better than did Eugénie. The Queen writes

further: "She is full of courage and spirit, and yet so gentle and with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is charming." One of the Queen's ladies writes of her: "Eugénie was born with the grand air. She has majesty in the lines of her neck."

This great visit to England was followed by the return visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to France, in August. The beautiful city of Paris, most admirably fitted for fêtes, was decorated with banners, flags, flowers, inscriptions, illuminations, and triumphal arches. The Emperor was holding royal court at St. Cloud, that historical palace now destroyed. The Queen writes: "The Empress received us, with the Princess Matilde, at the top of the beautiful staircase, which was lined with the *Cent Gardes*. I was bewildered, enchanted, everything was so beautiful." At dinner, she says, "Everything was magnificent, and so quiet, and *royal*."

So much from Queen Victoria as to the housekeeping of Eugénie!

The account of this Royal visit is well worth

reading now for its splendors, and perhaps such a scene can never occur again in any country. It is a vision out of the Arabian Nights. We have only space for an allusion to the Empress. "A state ball was given at Versailles, of great magnificence, and the Royal party drove out from Paris accompanied by *piqueurs*, bearing torches." The Queen writes: "The Palace looked magnificent. It was illuminated entirely with lamps which had a charming effect. The staircase, finely lighted up and carpeted, looked not like the staircase we had seen a few days before. The Empress met us at the top of the staircase, looking like a fairy queen or nymph, in a white dress, trimmed with branches of grass and diamonds, a beautiful *tour de corsage* of diamonds round the top of her dress, and all *en rivière*, the same around her waist, and a corresponding coiffure with her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The Emperor said when she appeared, '*Comme tu est belle.*'"

The Queen describes this ball at Versailles as the most magnificent she ever witnessed, and says of the supper that four hundred people sat down

to little tables, each group presided over by a lady, nicely selected, *all by the Empress's* own desire and arrangement. At the Tuileries, the Queen said adieu to the Empress "*with no small emotion.*" She says after a most flattering account of the Emperor's fascination, "The Empress, too, has great charm and we were all very fond of her."

The young Prince was born in this happy year, and Eugénie became more a favorite with the French people. Then followed, as all well remember, the most brilliant and glorious years that ever a beauty passed upon a throne; then took place the two great Expositions at which the world assisted, where the beautiful Empress sat or stood under a canopy of green velvet embroidered with the golden bees of the Bonapartes, and was driven to balls with her carriage illuminated, wearing the imperial diamonds. Her many portraits at this period give the world evidence of her blonde loveliness.

Eugénie was charitable, and founded many asylums in Paris. She was fond of great enter-

prises, and, being a cousin of Monsieur de Lesseps, she helped forward his project of the Canal at Suez. It was the good fortune of the present writer to see her at Venice, in 1869, on her way to the opening of the Grand Canal. She was on her own imperial yacht the *Aigle*, in the harbor, and was still a very beautiful woman. Victor Emmanuel had come to Venice to meet her and do her honor. The whole city had been illuminated in her honor the night before. She, in the King's gondola, floated under the Rialto, with an endless escort of gondolas, through all the witchery of a summer night, through that city of one's dreams, the most lovely town on earth, music from operas which bore all of old Venetian renown — *I due Foscari*, *Otello*, *Marino Faliaro*, resounding over the still waters. What did that woman think of her destiny that historic night! She, born in a quiet Spanish town with no rank to speak of; she, Mademoiselle Montijo, had lived to conquer by the sheer force of beauty one of the most powerful and most distinguished places in the history of the world.

She had caused to be made at Venice a costume of surpassing beauty, from the pictures of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus. It was covered with jewels. In it she appeared at the fête given her at the opening of the Suez Canal. She departed from Venice on the morning of a beautiful October day.

As her yacht moved slowly out of the harbor, kings and princes stood with hats off to do her homage. It was her last gala day.

In another year, came disaster and downfall. The Emperor was defeated at Sedan, and the Empress escaped, through the interposition of an American dentist, the wrath of the infuriated commune of Paris.

The great story of her subsequent life and its infinite sorrows — the death of her husband, the more cruel death of her son, her long weary journey to Zululand — is fresh in everyone's memory now. The wreck of her once brilliant self, every trace of her beauty gone, she leads a secluded life, devoted to religious duties and charities. Still she is what the world calls "*grande dame.*"

The dignified, discrowned, exiled Empress sits amid her memories, the "Lady of Vicissitudes," no doubt wondering why she "was raised so high, to be dropped so low," of less importance, as the world rates dignities, than when she was simply Mademoiselle Montijo. What other woman can have had such a chapter of memories?

Let us review another darkened life, at which we have already glanced — that of the Royal Widow of Spain. This lonely woman in sables was once a glad young girl.

When the poor little King of Spain (now dead and gone) was almost commanded by his people to take another wife, poor Mercedes, his first love, being dead, he waited, and deferred, saying he should never love again. He wanted to shut himself up in the Escurial, the most gloomy palace in the world. Some one reminded him, at this fateful moment, of his old playfellow, when he was at the Theresa College, at Vienna. She had been a gay and *espiégle* comrade of his, once running a race with him in the imperial park; he, the young

King, was on a bicycle, and the young lady on a fleet pony, and she got in first. Remembering how she romped and tormented him, was a cheerful recreation for the sad Alfonso, and he wrote her a letter.

Although Christina was very much in love with him, she showed a proper spirit and said she would not marry him unless she had further opportunities of meeting him and seeing him, and she insisted that he should assume the humble attitude of a suitor; this was not because she was a proud Hapsburg Princess, but because she was a loving girl. "If he wants to win me, let him come and woo me," she said. However, his matrimonial agents at Vienna discovered that she was trying on Spanish costumes, and that she thought they became her mightily, and perhaps they wrote this complimentary intelligence to the King, and he journeyed toward Vienna. The Archduchess Christina was high-spirited, and wished to be courted like any heroine of an old-fashioned novel. She, however, had been persuaded to journey half-way to meet him; besides

he broke his arm on the journey, which touched her proud heart.

They met at Arcachon. He hastened to the Villa Bellegarde, where she and her mother, the Archduchess Charles, were living. He asked for a walk in the garden. It was granted them, while all the Spanish and Austrian grandees remained in the parlor. When Christina reëntered the room, she advanced to her mother, showing an engagement ring on her finger, and said in French, "I have the hònor, Madame, to present to you my future husband," and Alfonso gallantly kissed the hand of his future mother-in-law.

Christina and Alfonso were married with high pomp at Madrid. The wedding dinner was eaten on the vigil of All Souls' Day — and this was considered unlucky. She was presented to the Madrilenos on a high holiday. There were fine displays of chivalrous gallantry. She was mistress at the Palaçio Real. All the grand rooms which had been furnished for poor little Mercedes, her predecessor, were refurnished for her. An American wrote of her: "If Christina's laugh were not pleas-

ant and communicative, her hair a golden fleece, and her complexion transparent and beautifully tinted, she would be plain, for her cheek bones are prominent, her nose *rètroussé* and wide at nostrils, and her mouth too much expanded. She has the Magyar taste for external splendor. Her court, if she can have her way, will be lively and magnificent, which would suit the present generation of Grandees. She is a very devout Catholic, and expected to remain one. Her voice is good, and she can warble with exquisite feeling a sentimental *lied*, or provoke laughter by her droll rendering of a comic song. It will be very nice for Don Alfonso to have a wife who has a gypsy and *garçounet* side to her character."

This was written in 1879. Alas, and alas! the gay girl so happy, later on so beloved, is now a saddened widow, with a distracted kingdom before her, of which she is Regent. She is described now as tall, slender, aristocratically formed. Without being decidedly intellectual, she is clever. With the pride of her Hapsburg race she has never made herself popular in Spain.

What will be her future, we cannot yet predict. She evidently means that her little son shall be belôved by his subjects.

There is another sad Royal Widow at the Court of Bavaria, the Queen Mother. She has seen her fondest hopes dashed to the ground in the eccentricity and insanity of her son, the crazy King Ludwig, who died so mad a death — the man so devoted to Wagner; you all know the stories of his causing operas to be played for himself, alone, at midnight, of his causing tremendous palaces to be built, for which there was no money in the Royal treasury to pay. He was born in the Hympenburg Palace, a gloomy old structure, in 1845. His mother, a Prussian princess, had a most uncongenial married life, and he grew up delicate, fanciful, dreamy, morbid, and his life was a sad and disappointing one to his mother, to whom for many years he would scarcely speak.

It is a common enough reflection, in looking back over these details of Royal Households, that with all their splendors, they are seldom happy

households. Here and there we read of a happy marriage amongst them, of a home life which has been honest and serene, and, in some families, of great virtues. In all instances we find them Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, necessarily hard-working people — studying, early and late, to perfect themselves in languages, music, the arts, in court-etiquette, in politics, in statecraft, in knowledge of other governments. Royal Rulers all know that in this nineteenth century their thrones are very slippery places. Assassination, dynamite, Communism and "Home Rule" are the talismanic words which seem to burn in letters of fire on the walls about them: "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*"

To see them on a gala day with the crowds of glittering bayonets about them, to mark their purple and fine linen, to admire their magnificent jewels, to watch the Queen of England go in state to open Parliament, is to witness a great spectacle; and one may say, "Why are certain human beings born to such pleasure; honor and distinction, and why am I born down in the dust?"

But we republicans need not envy them. They are dancing in chains, all of them. They must be careful what they say, do, think, even. With Royal Girls — what interrupted destinies, what cruel disappointments, what unhappy marriages, what a contrast between the desire and the fulfilment do we constantly see!

In 1884, I saw in a little wooden building on the site of the ruined Tuileries, the jewels of the Empress Eugénie exposed for sale. Amongst them lay two swords; one had belonged to King Charles X., the other to King Louis XVIII. There was the Regalia of France, the Crown Jewels, far finer than those of England. They were to be sold to the highest bidder, by the order of the President of the Republic of France, the proceeds to be given to charity. And the swords were to be broken up and sold piecemeal.

"For fear," said President Grevy, in his manifesto, "that they may become the property of a showman."

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